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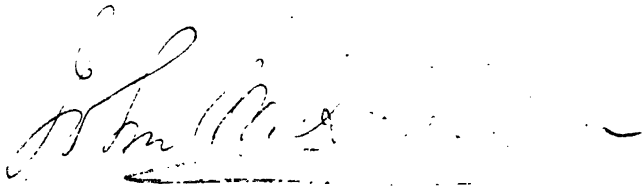

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MEMOIR

OF

Mrs. Lucy Gaylord Pomeroy,

WIFE OF HON. S. C. POMEROY, KANSAS.

BY HIS SISTER.

Rebekah W. (Pomeroy) Bulkley

BEING DEAD SHE YET SPEAKETH.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER,

HON. S. C. POMEROY, ATCHISON, KANSAS,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

IN MEMORY OF

ALL THE WAY IN WHICH GOD HAS LED US.

R. P. B.

PREFACE.

At the request of friends, this little book has been written. I had a picture in my mind of what it should be, but I could not draw it life-like. In one place it is not bright enough; in another, confused or indistinct. To me it was all beautiful, with perfect symmetry in all its parts. I loved to look upon it, and wished it might speak to others what it did to me.

Many friends have helped me by sending facts and history, for which I thank them.

All now may read. What is worthy and instructive is of her I knew and loved. The rest is mine. I feel that only those who knew her well will wish to read. Though dead, she speaks to all

to follow on. Where or how she lives, we know not; with whom, we know.

"With Thee, O Saviour, the waiting time before the resurrection can be no cold, drear, ante-chamber of the palace. Where Thou art, must be light, love and home."

PRINCETON, ILL., *June 1st*, 1865.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOME ON THE HILL-SIDE.

"A simple home,
A plain, well-ordered household,
Without show of wealth or fashion."

THERE is no drapery like the moss and the ivy. It clings around the marble monument, adding to it new grace. It climbs over the crumbling tower, hiding the ruin that time has made. The old forest tree that has stood through a century of winter storms, its life fountains all dry, the moss or the ivy deck with new life and beauty.

Such are the recollections of our early homes. We remember the sunshine and the flowers—the cool shades and delicious fruits—the dear old trees under which we played or read, and the birds we

watched as they built their nests—the sweet water flowing from the spring and the music of the pebbly stream—the loved faces and loving hearts. A halo of beauty is around all; and we forget our early trials and childhood's little griefs.

Of those too who have left us for the silent land, the moss and the ivy cover all human infirmities, and the remembrance of what is lovely and beautiful alone remains.

The home on the hill-side is remembered by the writer as one of quiet loveliness, attractive to her as a traveller when, in years long gone, she climbed the Otisco hills on a summer day. There she thought would be a sweet spot in which to rest. The coolest water, nicest milk and honey, and the whitest loaves, would be seen on the table, and the weary one would be refreshed.

In winter she thought it would be nice to be caught there in one of the long snow storms so common in that region of country, for she would be sure to find a warm corner, a cosy rocking-chair, rosy apples, nuts and jokes cracked alternately, books and papers, cheerful, intelligent faces, with such an air of comfort and hospitality as to make one quite forget the clouds and storms.

But we will look back some sixty years, and follow the history of the family that made their beautiful home in this sweet spot. In 1803 some families from Bristol and Meriden, Connecticut, removed to the wilderness of New-York, and settled in what is now Otisco, Onondaga County. Before leaving home, as was the custom, on the last Sabbath a written request was given to their minister for public prayers, that "God would prosper them in their journey, and bless them in all their way; spreading before them a table in the wilderness and opening fountains in the desert; the pillar of cloud leading them by day and the pillar of fire by night, till they found for themselves rest in a strange land, and around them should the wilderness blossom as the rose." Thus strengthened for their journey they bid adieu to the homes of their childhood, and in large wagons, drawn by oxen, seventeen long days were they on the way. They found no smooth, travelled roads through the tall forests, where wild game was plenty, and birds of rare beauty and song built their nests in safety. Descendants of the true puritanic stock, their patience and perseverance never failed. With faith in the God of their fathers, looking to the future good of

"their children and children's children," they found a place to dwell in, and erected altars to His name. They built log-houses as temporary residences, cleared the forests, opened new roads to distant markets, erected school-houses and a house of worship, and a few years of patient toil made productive farms and a thriving community.

Among these early settlers was Jesse Gaylord, son of Chauncey Gaylord. He was a young man, twenty-one years of age, just entering on life's duties for himself, and looking for a new home in the West. In the same company was a little, quiet black-eyed girl, with a sunny, thoughtful face, only eleven years old. Her name was Dema Cowles. It was not strange that an acquaintance formed under such circumstances should mature into lasting friendship, ending in mutual affection, only strengthened by time. In the old records of that day we now read that they were married by Rev. Mr. Wilcox in October, 1817.

Their first home was built of logs, consisting of one room, a low attic above, and a rude excavation beneath for a cellar. One end of the house was occupied by the large fire-place, in which were burned huge logs of wood, as was the custom in those days.

The brick oven stood a little way from the house, and from it, at stated periods, were taken the nicest white loaves, pumpkin pies, baked apples, and sundry other good things well remembered, for the new wife was a good house-keeper. Just back of the house was the well, graced with a large well-sweep and the "old oaken bucket." Near by was a tall Lombardy poplar, and some fine apple trees that were yearly loaded with delicious fruit, while a stream of never-failing pure water flowed a little below. In this humble abode Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord commenced their married life, erecting first their family altar to the God of their fathers, resolving on it "the fire shall never go out," but ever be brightly burning amid the toils of summer and the storms of winter. Here was the birth-place of their eldest daughter and child, Lucy, and two sons. Under the beautiful Lombardy poplar was the mother's Bethel, or "house of prayer," where, in times of joy and sorrow, she communed with God, a spot ever sacred to all who knew her. She became a Christian in early youth, and her spirit had been chastened by affliction. She lost her father in a sudden and unexpected manner by a fit of apoplexy, which event subdued her spirit and im-

pressed her mind deeply with a sense of the nearness of the unseen world. Her mother afterwards married Mr. Eliakim Clark, from Massachusetts, a revolutionary soldier, a philosopher and Christian. Her daughter Dema was thus intrusted with the care of her twin half-brothers, Lewis and Willis Gaylord Clark. This was to her a precious charge, and she was ever to them a most affectionate, motherly sister. Those beautiful boys grew to be scholars and poets, and by their affection and noble traits of character she felt repaid for all her watchfulness and care. She used to remark, "they were, when small, the greatest rogues she ever saw. By placing one on the floor and the other on the table by her, she could sometimes sew or knit; but they had a great propensity for frolic, always tumbling each other over when there was a good chance." Inspired by the splendid scenery around them, inheriting from both father and mother a love of the beautiful and good, with an ardent thirst for knowledge and a great love of books, they early left their rural home for other scenes, and the world knows the rest.

But the elder sister, Mrs. Gaylord, watched the fortunes of the twin brothers with a deep interest,

and named for them two of her own sons. Of her it may be truly said she possessed an intellect of high order, great energy of character, a refined and cultivated taste, amiable disposition and sterling good sense. Her piety was deep-toned and fervent, and wherever she went the light of the gospel was reflected beautifully in her life. The cause of her precious Redeemer was ever dearest to her, and for the extension of His kingdom she labored and prayed. She was a true wife and mother. "The heart of her husband safely trusted in her." "Her children call her blessed." In every relation in life she was kind, generous, discreet, affable and retiring, "best pleased to be admired at home." With a family very much committed to her care for guidance and instruction, she labored and prayed most for one great object, that "all might be found walking in the truth." In this Mr. Gaylord sympathized with her, and faithfully assisted when able to leave other duties. He was a gentleman of the strictest integrity of character, uncommonly amiable in disposition, firm religious principles governing his whole life. He was an excellent neighbor, a cordial supporter of institutions of religion and education, and ready to do his part in every good

work. Industrious and persevering in business, exceedingly neat and plain in all his habits, a good husband, a kind father, he was truly "a man greatly beloved."

In the spring of 1824 this family removed to a small "framed house," more commodious and agreeable; but the old log-cabin was a cherished spot, and greatly revered for the many hallowed associations connected with it. A little daughter, Ann, was here added to the group, but at three and a half years old she was removed to the home above. Lucy was then twelve years old, and Ann was her darling pet. It was a sad hour for her when they laid away this precious flower in the grave to bloom no more on earth; and a deep impression was made upon her young mind by this first sorrow. When another brother was added to the group, she found the place in her heart somewhat filled, and she took him in her arms and cared for him ever after as one of her choicest treasures. This affection and solicitude deepened and strengthened with every year of her life, and like a mother-sister, she thought of his wants, and was anxious for his future prosperity.

In the spring of 1833, "The Home on the Hill-

side" came into possession of Mr. Gaylord. It had been the home of his father, and was considered desirable and attractive. It was then one of the largest dwellings in town, with an elevated, commanding site fronting the setting sun, and beautiful landscape views on the west and south. It was a model home for many years, where father and mother, their only daughter and six sons, with grandmother Clark, lived together in love, gathered around the plenteous table, and worshipped at the same altar. There were seen perfect neatness without ostentation, regularity in the habits of all, thoroughness in whatever was undertaken; industry combined with rigid economy, kindness and helpfulness towards each other, and liberal hospitality to every body. Trees and flowers were planted around, which grew and bloomed in fragrance and beauty. Lucy had a great love of flowers, and the hand of taste was visible in the arrangement of the garden. She might be seen at an early hour, assisted by a little brother, planting, pruning, training or watering, happy and busy as the birds or the bees, which were cheering her with their summer morning song.

The hospitality of this home was cordially ex-

tended to neighbors, friends and relatives, and many gladly availed themselves of the opportunity offered, to rest awhile from life's sterner toils, to find refreshment for body and mind on the quiet hill-side. Uncles, aunts and cousins were here often gathered, and the house would sometimes ring with mirth and frolic. Long remembered will be the innocent pleasures of childhood and youth that many, scattered here and there over our land, have enjoyed in this beautiful home. But this circle of friends is broken now. Some have reached the shining shore, some are passing over, and those of us who are waiting still will soon join them on the other side of the river of death, where will be our home ever more. One of the number already there, thus sung while here:

"Then take thy rest in that shadowy hall,
In thy mournful shroud reposing;
There is no cloud on *the soul* to fall,
No dust o'er its light is closing;
It will shine in glory when time is o'er,
When each phantom of earth shall wither;
When the friends who deplore thee shall sigh no more,
And lie down in the dust together;
Though sad winds wail in the cypress bough,
Thou art resting untroubled and calmly now;
With a seal of sleep on thy folded eye,
While thy spirit is glad in the courts on high."

CHAPTER II.

THE DAUGHTER AND SISTER.

"She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere, the daily joy
Of all who on her loveliness might gaze,
And in the light and music of her life,
Have a companion's portion."

In pursuing the memoir of Lucy Ann Gaylord, we must again refer to her noble mother as the moulding influence in the daughter's life. This Christian woman was an excellent example of faithfulness and untiring zeal in the care of her family, showing more anxiety for their religious training and spiritual welfare than in any worldly prosperity. In the absence of her husband, she uniformly led in the family devotions; and the earnestness with which she remembered her children at this holy hour, testified to her faith in God as she plead His promises and instructed them in His Holy Word.

From her mother's teachings and pious example, Lucy was early led to love and reverence the religion of Jesus Christ. She had daily evidence of its power and goodness in the consistent life, the cheerful loving heart, and works of charity and benevolence to which her mother's time was devoted. Lucy was more than a daughter: she was the mother's companion and friend. With Lucy she counselled and advised about her domestic plans and for the welfare of the younger children as if she was a sister. They confided to each other their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. In sickness she was the mother's faithful, untiring nurse. In days of care and toil she studied to relieve her as much as possible, and exercised a thoughtful, motherly watchfulness over the little ones. She denied herself the pleasure of society and recreation, or her favorite intellectual pursuits, when duty to her parents or brothers seemed to demand. This was done so cheerfully, so much a matter of course, that few understood that any self-denial was exercised. Her brothers looked to her to supply their childish wants. She guided their plays, instructed them in innocent amusements, crooked the pin, and furnished the string for them to fish in the little brook,

and shared their little sorrows and joys. She encouraged them in their studies, and was anxious for their advancement, that they might be useful men in the literary world. Every Saturday evening she was accustomed to call them around her for the study of the Scriptures, and endeavored to teach them the simple, yet glorious, truths therein contained. Her own heart was deeply imbued with the spirit of Christ, and she sought to lead them to a blessed experience of the same love that was her comfort and hope. The beauty of her daily life gave them exalted views of the female character, and led them to reverence woman. The pure, unselfish love of such a sister was a moulding influence that softened their characters and made them true gentlemen.

It is a delicate task to bring before the world the private journal of a dear friend, and show the inner life of one who was so retiring in her nature that her most intimate friends seldom heard her speak of her own experience. But her reasons for keeping a journal were so much like herself, that we cannot withhold them, and other extracts, that show her true character as it appears to us.

At the age of eighteen she made a public profes-

sion of her faith in Christ during a revival of religion in her native town; but while a student in Homer Academy, and at other times, she gave good evidence that she was guided by religious principle, and loved the Saviour. Soon after this event she commenced a journal, which extended for several years, and abruptly closed or was destroyed.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

"Why have I now commenced a journal, when I have lived so many years without? I have many reasons for it, perhaps some selfish ones. One is, I find I cannot confine my thoughts and feelings to my own heart, and delicacy forbids my intruding them on others. It is a great relief to record them on paper. In my hours of deep sadness I find a great solace in writing and in prayer. My heart would burst without this relief. Another reason is. I have been led to wish for a record of the exercises of mind of a dear departed friend. O, what a gratification it would be to peruse them now! And will not my friends, when I am slumbering in the grave, wish to know more of my inner life, more of what I thought and how I felt? I do not intend to make a record of the weather, or of the daily events and

employments of life, but I wish to write what will do good, should some dear friend peruse it. I wish to excite others to active duty and deeper consecration to Christ, so that it may be said in truth, 'being dead, she yet speaketh.' For this end I wish to express just what I feel, and be honest in all my statements, that the rocks or shoals that have hindered my heavenward voyage may be avoided by others. Also, by reviewing my past feelings, I may be enabled to judge of my present condition; whether I am making advancement in the divine life, or am hindered by the way. This effort may also stimulate my mental faculties, improve my style of writing, and give me greater facility in expressing my thoughts."

She writes again:

"*June* 10*th*, 1839.

"Gladly would I spend hours in expressing my feelings on paper, but time must be devoted to other pursuits more beneficial to those around me. The hours of sleep I must not shorten, lest I be unfitted for the duties of the coming day. Years ago I remember thinking I could never keep a journal for want of something to write in my every day life. My only difficulty now is, I have so much to write

that I know not what thoughts to select from the multitude that crowd for utterance. So I write on, without a plan, not knowing what I am saying till I read it over. O, these rushing, burning thoughts! I would love to pour them out, to relieve my mind of the heavy burden."

The obligations, as a daughter, she expressed as follows:

"*June* 23, 1839.

"I have been reflecting on my duties to my parents. I find, with my deep affection for them, I should ever render perfect obedience to their wishes and give earnest attention to their wants. I should endeavor to soothe their sorrows and relieve them of many cares. I wish to repay their tenderness and labor for me, and render myself worthy of their love and the name of child. These are a few of my obligations to my best and dearest earthly friends."

That she fulfilled these perfectly, as any human being ever did, is the united testimony of all who knew her at that period of her life. The mutual

love and confidence between mother and daughter was beautiful to look upon, and worthy the imitation of mothers and daughters every where. When she was absent from home, there was no paternal anxiety that she would be led astray by evil company; that she would, by word or deed, dishonor her parents or bring reproach upon herself. They trusted her without fear, and she never abused their confidence. Her natural cheerfulness and mirth never led to hilarity and rudeness. Her love of society did not give her boldness or assumption.

She drew others towards her, but it was to do them good. Her quiet, attractive manner, her earnest and interesting conversation, made her often the centre of a charmed circle, but she never talked for display. Her parents in this felt her power, and rejoiced that she could influence the youth around her for good. In a circle of youth that met weekly for mutual improvement and benevolence, her influence was salutary and elevating.

On one occasion she was sent to the Academy at Homer, N. Y., with two brothers, partly that she might review her own studies, but much more to watch over, guide and assist them. She took a deep, self-denying interest in their education, and in 1845

she had the pleasure of seeing one of them ready for college. She was busy preparing his clothing, contriving, with a sister's love and thoughtfulness, many little comforts, that he might feel his absence from home as little as possible. On the memorable morning, when the parting hour at last came, the parents gave him much excellent advice respecting his future course, and many kind suggestions as to great economy on his part while in college. His sister placed in his hand a small sum of money, saying: "This is all I have. I wish it was more." He declined taking it till he saw the refusal would injure her feelings; but as he carried it afterwards in his purse, knowing it was consecrated by the prayers and tears of a sister's love, he felt that he could never make an improper use of money. "That," said he, in after years, "was the most valuable gift I ever had."

Her journal also gives evidence that her greatest anxiety for her brothers was, that they should become devoted Christians. Thus she writes:

"*June* 23, 1839.—To my brothers I am under many obligations. As the eldest of a family of children, I have great responsibilities resting upon

me. Their happiness and character depend nearly as much upon me as upon my parents. To me they look for instruction and for guidance in their studies and amusements. My opinion on every subject will have great influence upon them. I am a professor of religion. They are not professors. From my conduct they will form their estimation of religion. My example, my daily conversation, will do much towards forming their characters and fitting them for life and death."

Again, in August of the same year, she writes as follows:

"I feel that I have prayed and labored too little for the immediate conversion of my dear brothers. In view of this, I propose to spend each twilight hour of the ensuing month in prayer for them. Though I am weak and sinful of myself, and all-unworthy, yet, gracious Redeemer, I plead thy promises. Thou hast invited me to come to Thee, and hast said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Only believe.' 'Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief.' May my brothers soon learn to pray for themselves, and devote their youth-

ful days to the service of Christ. I cannot bear to see their influence all on the wrong side, and that influence increasing continually. When I think of the great good they might accomplish, I would rejoice to see them, one and all, preparing for the blessed employment of preaching the gospel in benighted heathen lands."

In a few days she writes again:

"God of mercy, look down in pity and compassion on my brothers out of the ark of safety. Let them no longer treat the truth contained in thy blessed word with indifference, but may it be written on their hearts. Have mercy, O thou God of love! Have mercy for Christ's sake. I cannot bear to see them refusing to render obedience to thy commands, while they feel their obligations so deeply. They tell me I must not preach to them; but I cannot with them study our Sabbath school lesson without dwelling on its teachings to us individually. I cannot study the Bible as a book of history, for it is the word of God to us, written for our instruction and help in the divine life."

After another week she writes again:

"May God help me to fulfill my duty to my brothers. If I had been more faithful since I professed religion I might have been spared the anguish that now rends my heart. Great will be my guilt if my unfaithfulness destroys their souls. What a weight of responsibility rests upon me! No one now has such an opportunity to do them good or evil as I have. I feel sure that my example and timely words will do much towards deciding their characters for time and eternity. May God help me to carry this burden to the foot of the cross and leave it there."

"*Sept. 29th.*—I snatch the passing moment in which to renew my vow, recorded August 4, viz.: that the hour of evening twilight I would spend in prayer for my precious brothers, unless it be inconsistent with other duties. May my labors for them affect my own heart and life. Blessed Saviour, grant unto me thy Spirit to transform me into the meek, lowly disciple, whose law of action is love."

"*July* 16, 1841.—Four years have I been a

professor of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and yet I know not of one feeble soul I have strengthened, or of one sinner turned from his sins by my instrumentality. I believe I have been exerting a steady, silent influence over my dear brothers for morality and intelligence, but I am not aware of making any permanent religious impression. I have at times been very anxious for their salvation, but there has not been that continued course of prayer and action necessary to ensure success."

But the time is not long when, with new joy, she writes:

"O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! O for a heart to praise Thee for thy loving kindness and undeserved mercy! For more than three years past I have been praying that my dear brother M. might consecrate himself to the service of God, and now I trust these prayers have been answered. Let me never forget this new expression of the faithfulness of God. Let me never faint or be weary. If the blessing tarry, let

me wait for it. Be very near to my brother, O Lord. Be ever gracious to him. May not only the evidence of his acceptance be made sure to him, but may he understand the new duties required of him, and have a disposition to perform them."

"*July* 30*th.*—I have received a particular blessing this week for which to feel and express devout gratitude. A beloved brother was lying on a bed of sickness, and God has heard prayer, blessed the means for his recovery, and we are now joyfully looking forward to the time when he will again mingle with us around the table and the altar of prayer. May this sickness be blessed to him, and enable him to see himself a stranger to God, and be the means of turning him to the Great Physician for healing for souls and body."

In her desire to benefit other young men, she writes to a young girl of her acquaintance on "A Sister's Influence:"

"A sister's example is powerful, but her direct influence by word and deed, by mild persuasion and thoughtful, little attentions, is more improving.

If a brother has no taste for good books, his sister may be able to cultivate such a taste. If he is a dull scholar, she can make an effort to arouse him to mental activity. She can relate to him some interesting sketch that will secure his attention; then give him the book or paper where he can find it more at length and in greater beauty. Thus by exciting his curiosity, he may be led to read more and more. If a brother is at leisure while you are busy, ask him to read to you an interesting article, and at first he will do it to oblige you, but afterwards he may read for his own benefit. If in conversation he shows his ignorance on any subject he ought to understand, give him privately some information about it; then show him in what books to look for more knowledge on the same subject, assuring him that such mistakes can be best avoided by attention to the writings of good and great men. Excite inquisitiveness, arouse curiosity, and be assured you have gained by this a strong influence for good. A thirst for knowledge once excited, will seek to be often refreshed at the purest fountains.

"If a brother sees that his sister is constantly studying his happiness, and deeply interested in his

welfare, he will have confidence in her, conform to her wishes, and regard her feelings. She can enter into his plans for innocent amusements better than the mother, and can better understand and sympathize with his disappointments. If a brother is sick, it is a favorable time to show a sister's self-sacrificing love, and win him to good thoughts and patience under suffering, that so few men have learned.

"If he has yielded to temptation, upbraid him not forhis sinful folly; but kindly sympathize with him in the sorrow brought upon him, and lead him gently back to the path of right. Love will win, but fault-finding will drive him beyond your influence. Thus strive to gain your brother, and the Blessed Spirit of all good will crown your efforts with complete success."

Having practiced these precepts, she understood their power. Her own brothers are living examples of her good influence on their hearts and lives; and good and useful men are great blessings to the world. Blessed are those mothers and sisters who have been successful in their holy work.

Another very excellent method of rightly in-

fluencing her brothers was by epistolary writing. She held "the pen of a ready writer," and this power she used to warn, instruct, encourage and interest them, as the occasion seemed to require. Her letters were numerous and full, often containing that word in season that was greatly needed.

In the spring of 1843 this sister's love received a great trial. Fearful epidemics, scarlet fever and putrid sore throat, prevailed to an alarming extent all around. Lucy was self-denying and active, a faithful watcher with the sick, striving to benefit the bodies and souls of all. Soon her mother and herself were prostrated with sore throat. Then four of her brothers were attacked with scarlet fever, and she was too ill to administer to their wants. In twenty-four hours little Egbert, aged six years, was dead, and the father and one brother were the only members of the family able to follow the little coffin to the grave. It was a solemn hour to all; for who would be the next to go was the earnest question. In a few days more, little Owen, the youngest lamb of the flock, closed his eyes on earth. He was four years old, and the darling of the household; but such does death love to take.

The rest were spared, after weeks of severe sickness; but when the broken circle were able to assemble again, there was a great vacancy in the household.

"My work has dropped into eternity," said the mother. Lucy never fully recovered from this sickness. Her nervous system had received a shock from which it never fully rallied.

Thus she wrote:

"Two little flowers have been plucked from the parent stem. Egbert and Owen both gone. They had a fond and watchful mother, who took a deep interest in their welfare; still I had ever exercised such a care for them that it seems as if I knew the anguish of a mother's heart. O, this loneliness and desolation! Our house is darkened by a thick cloud. There is a sacredness, a tenderness in grief for a little child that I can express to no one. I have never before known what it is to be without a little prattler to love and care for; but now the play-things are all removed, to be used not again. I shall listen no more to their sweet voices calling, 'Lu! Lu!' In my dreams they oft are with me still, and their pleasant smiles play around me, but

I awake to a dreadful void. I murmur not at thy will, O my God! but fill my lone heart with thy love that I may be satisfied.

"And is it true that 'those who have lost a little one ever have a child in heaven? We grow with others as they grow to maturity, and love their childhood; but the child dead is ever what it was when death took it.' I do not know about the truth of this. It seems at variance with the laws of progress that we see every where around."

This sore bereavement seemed to have a sacred, mellowing influence on the whole of Lucy's after life. She used to say she almost pitied those who never lost a little one, who never had a sweet young spirit go before them to the future world.

When she was again able to look around her she found she was not a solitary mourner. More than forty little graves had been made beside the little hillocks so dear to her, and the like shadow was upon many homes and many hearts. She tried to arouse herself from her own griefs to give consolation to others, and express her deep sympathy with all who mourned. But she never forgot the lessons learned in adversity. Her spirit was chastened.

She thought less of earth and more of heaven. There was ever a sweet, quiet loveliness about her that won the admiration of all who knew her. Earth seemed to have less charms and heaven greater attractions. Thus God trains his children here. Like a good shepherd he carries the lambs higher and higher to greener pastures and purer fountains, that we may follow on.

CHAPTER III.

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

"She had an earnest intellect, a perfect thirst of mind,
A heart by elevated thoughts and poetry refined."

A DESIRE for constant advancement in knowledge seems to be a natural quality in some minds. It is strange that it is often strongest where circumstances will not allow it to be gratified. Many persons of wealth and leisure seem perfectly contented with their present stock of ideas, while those whose time and wits are occupied to the full extent to know how they shall live and fulfil their obligations to others, have an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. But this is God's plan and must be right. "He that is faithful over few things shall be ruler over many things." Lucy, at a very early age, manifested a great love of books and an eager de-

sire to learn. At the primary school she was distinguished as one of the best scholars, and made easy and rapid advancement. It soon became manifest that this love of study must be checked, or her health would ever after suffer. But it was almost impossible to hold her back; for once having tasted of the sweets of the hidden spring, she longed for more. Had it not been for a wise and judicious mother she would not have grown up a character so perfectly symmetrical in all things pertaining to the complete woman, but would have indulged her love of books and never learned the practical duties of life. Her mother, therefore, mingled domestic labor with books, and taught her that the time for one must never intrude on the other. She was thankful for this in after life, though the first lessons in self-denial were trying. In this way her health and life were preserved for great usefulness, and she gained a knowledge of house-keeping in all its departments that few daughters ever obtain, till in homes of their own stern necessity becomes their teacher. It may be said of her as of one in olden time:

"She could wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat or drink,
Make the beds and do all herself."

Knowing the best way to do all this, she could teach others, thereby adding not a little to the happiness of the family. Then she could take her book, and be a diligent student in the time allotted for study, or write an essay on some difficult subject that would show more thought than most young girls are suspected of possessing. As her years increased, so did her desire for a thorough education. From a child she was noted for a ready and correct memory. Possessing this faculty in a high degree, and cultivating it as far as she was able, she made more rapid advancement than most of her age. Her parents gave her every opportunity for school education that was consistent with their circumstances and her health; but it was at home she studied most and advanced most rapidly. Books of history and poetry were her constant companions. She read rapidly, but carefully; remembered not only the sentiments and facts given by her favorite authors, but the dates with great correctness. She could be applied to on almost any occasion to quote an author's ideas, or to give the time when an event occurred. On her table could be seen works on mental and moral philosophy, a rhetoric well studied, and books of science and mathematics; but works

of fiction had no place there. Some extracts from her journal will now be given, to show her desire for improvement and how she succeeded, that others longing for such attainments as she finally made, may see for what object she studied, and be stimulated to like exertion.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

"I feel that God has blessed me with reasoning faculties, which I am bound to improve for the good of others. I feel also a necessity laid upon me to do all I can towards ennobling, exalting and ameliorating the condition of my fellow men. In accordance with these views, I have commenced writing for a periodical a series of articles, to assure the young that true religion will enable us to encounter and endure the trials of this mortal life, and also that it is the source of the sweetest and noblest joys that are found on earth. I take great pleasure in writing, though often obliged to use the pen at a late hour of the evening, greatly fatigued with the labors of the day."

Again she writes:

"I have formed a strong resolution to acquire all

the knowledge I possibly can, scientific, intellectual and religious. I have many obstacles to encounter, so that I never expect to become a woman of high literary attainments, though that would naturally be my highest ambition. A view of the hindrances in my way often oppresses me, like a heavy burden. But I must overlook these, make the best possible use of my present opportunities, and who knows but God will open the way for my future progress. I can see one step before me. If I take that, will I not be able to see still onward?"

Again: "Such an irresistible thirst for the acquisition of knowledge has taken possession of me, that I fear it will swallow up every thing, prevent me from doing present duty, and make me selfish and self-conceited. I try to feel that I read and study to increase my ability for usefulness, for I have an ardent desire for elevating my race as far as I find opportunity."

Two days after she writes again:

"How shall I express what I feel in relation to the acquisition of knowledge. Like the Roman Em-

peror who exclaimed, 'I have lost a day,' when at its close he could recall no good action done, so I feel when a day passes, and I find I have not gained some useful knowledge. Some light reading and newspapers are necessary for recreation, but these do not satisfy the cravings of my mind. I must have something more solid, or I famish with hunger. O, how short is life, compared with what I wish to learn and do! In the life that never ends, there will be no hindrances to learning's path, but I shall increase in knowledge forever and ever."

"*Sabbath Evening, June* 30, 1839.

"While listening this morning to an excellent discourse from our beloved pastor, (Mr. Mills,) 'On the Benevolence of Christ,' I was deeply impressed with the idea that I would love to devote my life to laboring on heathen ground. When I first began to hope in Christ I had a strong desire to leave my pleasant home and 'dear delights' for the benefit of the poor and degraded of the human family. Since that time other subjects have occupied my mind and other duties claimed my attention. But now the impression comes again, strong

and abiding. I am not placed on earth to live for my own enjoyment. Even Christ 'pleased not himself.' I am told that the climate of heathen lands would be deleterious to my health, and probably shorten my life. Well, what if it does? *Is it not better to do some great good in a short life than to live long and accomplish nothing?* Many missionaries are falling with their armor on. More laborers are needed. Why should not I be one? May God lead me to a right decision of this important question.

"With this thought before me, I am resolved to improve and elevate my mental powers, put forth all my energies to acquire useful knowledge, and be ready to labor where God shall call. But I must not neglect present duty while preparing for the future. The present only is mine, the future God's."

"*July* 15*th.*—When I think of the want and destitution of the wide world, I feel as if I could not spend my life in this favored part of God's heritage. But when I look at what I am, and then consider what a missionary ought to be, I shrink from the work. I feel deeply my need of the first and great

qualification, more deep-toned, heart-felt piety. But I cannot give up the idea without doing violence to my feelings; I must go if Providence points out the way. I feel sure such an opportunity will be presented if it is best for the interests of Christ's kingdom. Upon this I rest secure, though the stars should fall and the mountains be removed. I will study on and prepare for future usefulness, as if I knew a long life of labor was before me."

"*July 21st.*—What am I but a mere sinful worm of the dust, knowing nothing, still laying plans for the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan's kingdom. But God hath chosen the 'foolish things of this world to confound the wise.' This is my comfort. When I think of the hundreds of millions of human beings who ought to be elevated, evangelized and made happy by the gospel, and find so few feeling any interest in the subject, I feel an indescribable depression of spirits, and say, 'Here, Lord, am I, send me.' But the vastness of the work contrasts strangely with my insufficiency."

"*August 8th.*—I feel at times as if I must make higher attainments in mind and heart in order to

be fitted for the great work before me. I am constantly longing for more knowledge and holiness, and my efforts to reach the height at which I aim seem utterly futile. Why was I created with desires that can never be gratified?—with this burning thirst for knowledge and holiness, increasing with my years, and never satisfied? Is it not a proof of the immortal nature within me? 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.'

"How dare I hope I shall ever be prepared for the high station of usefulness I have chosen, or to discharge its duties and assume its responsibilities, when it seems to need the wisdom and holiness of angels? But God has committed this trust to earthen vessels, that through our weakness His strength may be made manifest. Does not His glory shine the brighter when he blesses feeble instrumentalities?"

"*August* 15*th.*—Here I am again in my own boudoir, perfectly at home and permitted to resume my loved employment. In this little world by myself, engaged in reading, writing, meditation and prayer, time flies imperceptibly away. To tire of solitude, to be lonely for want of company, are feel-

ings unknown to me. With power to think and my Saviour near, can I ever be alone? How thankful I should be for so many sources of happiness."

"*September 22d*, 1842.—For more than two years it has been my earnest wish to be permitted to labor on heathen ground, and I have been intent on acquiring knowledge that I might be fitted for such a work. But I fear I must give up my long cherished object, for my health at present will forbid. Suffering as I do with a deranged nervous system and consequent debility, with my eyes unable to study, the optic nerve particularly affected, so as to preclude the possibility of close or continued application, it would seem my duty to relinquish my plan. Being an only daughter is another reason for my remaining in the home circle. Being the eldest child, do not my parents need my society and my brothers my watchful care?

"But how can I give up this life plan? It seems as if I could accomplish more for Christ in two years on missionary ground than to live twenty in my present sphere. *I think I prefer by all means a short life of usefulness to a long one of ease and self-indulgence.* If I leave my much

be fitted for the great work before me. I am constantly longing for more knowledge and holiness, and my efforts to reach the height at which I aim seem utterly futile. Why was I created with desires that can never be gratified?—with this burning thirst for knowledge and holiness, increasing with my years, and never satisfied? Is it not a proof of the immortal nature within me? 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.'

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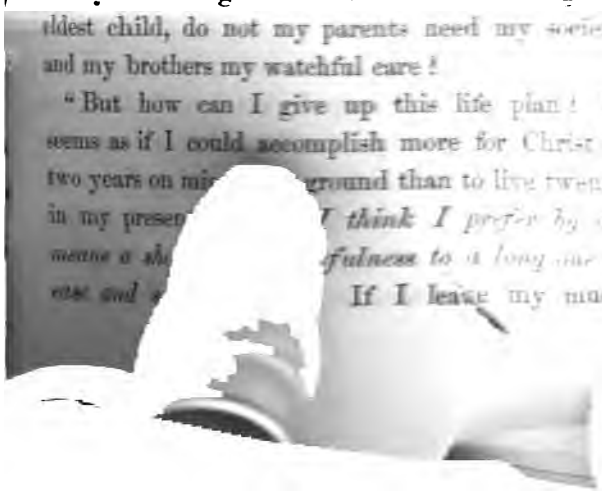

The first was a practical explanation of our Saviour's golden rule. The subject of the second was, 'Faith.' He said faith is the only instrumental means of our salvation. How all-important, then, is the possession of it. With faith in God we can, we shall be happy, though we have not

'One blithsome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer our way.'

Though in the midst of poverty, compelled to feel that friends forsake us, or to see them lie cold in death, still we can cheerfully say, 'My kind Father is the Arbiter of my destiny. He sees that these present afflictions are necessary to secure my greatest eternal happiness, and shall I doubt or complain?' One other remark struck me forcibly: 'A time of great prosperity is a time of trial to our faith.'"

The desire for constant improvement in knowledge attended her every where, and under all circumstances. She sought the society of persons wiser than herself, and tried to learn of them what she could not find in books. She had a teachable spirit, could sit humbly at the feet of any one who would be her instructor. Very few who have such

rich mental possessions reverence so profoundly the wisdom of others. We recollect hearing her repeat:

"I love to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine.
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser by conviction,
Fulfil each grand design."

CHAPTER IV.

SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR AND TEACHER.

"For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain."

Lucy was early a Sabbath school scholar. She one said, "I cannot remember when I was too young to go to the Sabbath school." Her teachers say she was a most diligent and attentive pupil, always in her place, her lessons well learned and understood, and her example valuable in the class. She loved the school, and loved the study of the Word of God. Saturday evening was the time sacredly devoted to the study of her lessons from the Bible and other books that would help her to understand it. Her example and knowledge of the Scriptures won the confidence of all, and she

was, while young in years, requested to become a teacher. But her natural timidity, and distrust of her own ability, led her to decline the invitation for some time. At length there was great need of more teachers, and she was prevailed upon to leave her beloved instructor and classmates, and comply with the earnest request of the superintendent and a class of young girls to be their teacher. She began her work with much self-examination and prayer, but with many fears. Her ardent desire to do good, to save some souls, prevailed, and she commenced her work with confidence in God as a helper in every time of need. Her ability to teach had been tested in a public school, where she was eminently successful, and gained the love and confidence of parents and children. But her feelings may be best known by reference to her journal:

"*May* 28*th*, 1839.—To-day I have commenced my labors as a Sabbath school teacher for the first time. I have thought much upon the subject for some time past, and I believe I have decided from some motives besides selfish ones. Nearly twenty years I have spent in acquiring knowledge, and for what purpose? Has it not been to prepare

me for usefulness in the future? When I have enjoyed the benefits of a Sabbath school from my earliest remembrance, can I refuse to give the best instruction I can to those who are so anxious I should become their teacher? My opportunities for doing good are only the minutes, hours and days of the present time. I must not fix the sphere of my labor in some future period. O, may I be so directed as to help in the great work of saving souls! Condescend, O precious Redeemer! to bless my humble efforts in the Sabbath school. May I and my dear pupils believe with all the heart the truths that we study from week to week. Wilt thou grant me wisdom and patience, love and earnestness to give such instruction as Thou wilt bless?"

"*June* 14.—A few weeks since, when I first took upon myself the duties of a Sabbath school teacher, I thought my motives were to benefit my pupils and glorify God, and I was very sanguine of success. I expected to interest them so completely, that their attention would be wholly withdrawn from surrounding objects. I intended to have a well-regulated class, thoroughly versed in their lessons, and a better class than I had ever seen. A few Sabbaths of expe-

rience have humbled my expectations a little. I do hope my poor manner of explaining the truth has not brought weariness and disgust. May God teach me how to reach the heart."

"*July* 7.—O Lord, bless my precious Sabbath school class! Enable me to present the truth in an attractive form, so as to win them to Christ. In my great anxiety to make them feel the truth, may I not weary them. May I have all wisdom, and the influences of the Divine Spirit to guide and bless me in my work."

"*July* 28.—Have succeeded in bringing into the Sabbath school an ignorant English girl, who has been taught at home by example, if not by precept, to profane the name of God, and to ridicule all the sacred duties of religion. May this be the means of bringing her to a right understanding of the truth, and to feel its power. If she or my other pupils are ever blessed by my instrumentality, it will be all of grace in Christ Jesus. May I feel more and more the importance and the practicability of laboring for their immediate conversion."

"*August* 3, *Sat. Eve.*—Though preparing myself for future labor as a Missionary, still I must not neglect present duty. I wish to feel my responsibilities every hour, especially in relation to my pupils in the Sabbath school. May my efforts be greatly blessed for their immediate conversion. May the truth contained in my lesson this evening make such an impression on my own mind, that I shall be fully prepared to enforce them upon others. Prepare me, O my blessed Saviour, for the coming Sabbath. Let every worldly thought and care be laid aside, and may I do good on the Sabbath day."

"*Sept.* 23.—I have been reflecting on my spiritual condition, trying to find where I am in the divine life, and I fear I am making no progress. I have endeavored to study my own character, the motives and mainspring of my actions; but I seem yet a stranger to myself. I see I have never probed my own heart to its greatest depths. I know not what to do. I cannot help myself. I can only come to Christ, all imperfect as I am, and throw myself on his mercy, remembering that beautiful passage of the Psalmist: 'When I said my foot slippeth, thy mercy, O Lord! held me up.' I fear I am utterly destitute of the

necessary qualifications for a successful Sunday school teacher. My want of success in this department of Christian benevolence, inclines me to leave the school. I fear my pupils will be eternally ruined by such a dead teacher. But I dare not desert my post, lest the influence of my example be detrimental to the cause of truth. O Lord! thy Word to me is truly life in this hour of need. A light that shineth in a dark place."

"*Oct. 5th.*—Could others read my heart; did they know how much I am governed by the opinions of the world, I should not occupy the place of a teacher. I see beyond me a standard of excellence, and I long to reach it. How can I, who so little exemplify the beauties of Christian life, who so imperfectly performs the duties enjoined in the Word of God, win others to obedience? Whilst there is so little that is lovely in me, can I gain others by love? When it is so necessary to argue, illustrate, and press home upon the conscience the truth; when it requires so much wisdom to know how and when to approve and reprove; when no means within my reach must be left untried to bring them to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; and when

the best directed efforts will be of no avail unless blessed of God, well may I exclaim, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Help me, O my Saviour! with a portion of thy own strength."

"*May* 24, 1840.—Commenced laboring again after an interval of a few weeks in the same Sabbath school class I had last year. How deeply have I been made to feel my need of Divine assistance! Instead of the fixed attention and absorbing interest I expected to find in my pupils, there was inattention and heedlessness truly painful. This must lead me to feel how futile are all my words and thoughts, unless I am taught of God. Let me learn my lessons at my Saviour's feet; then I shall have power to make impression on the minds of others. 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all!'"

"*June* 17*th.*—I have long been sensible of my deficiencies as a Sunday school teacher, and to-day I have resolved to bring the minds of my pupils nearer to God than I have ever done. While I have endeavored to make my remarks pointed and practical, I have not urged them individually to

come to Christ. This ought to have been done, for personal remarks usually have a deeper effect than general ones. This I commenced to-day, but with little success. Was it not because the heart that dictated them was full of unbelief, that my words seemed to fall cold and powerless as on flinty ice? But shall I be discouraged after one faint effort? Rather let me reflect how long Christ bore with my indifference, and followed me with admonitions and warnings. Eighteen years I was a wanderer from God and duty, and since that time I have often followed him afar off. Then let me not faint or be weary if my efforts are not attended with immediate success."

"*August 28th.*—This day's experience has shown me that God is ready to hear and answer those who call upon him. By the aid of the Blessed Spirit I was enabled to commence this day more in accordance with the will of God than I have preceding Sabbaths. I had a more fervent spirit of prayer for the blessing of God to attend all the exercises in which I should engage, and in particular to bless my instructions to my pupils. God opened my heart in a wonderful manner to receive the truth in

the morning's discourse, and in my class to make a new effort to draw the attention of each one to her own personal condition. Through the infinite goodness of God I believe my instructions were blessed to one dear pupil. O may she be as the first-fruits before an abundant harvest! May the remembrance of this answer to prayer lead me to greater faithfulness."

And thus she prayed and labored on when her health would permit, not only for her own class, but for all she could reach around her, till she saw many become the followers of Christ. During the many years she was a teacher, God permitted her to see nearly every individual of the several classes of girls under her instruction consistent professors of religion. She spent much time in preparing herself for the work, setting apart one day in each week for this purpose. By prayer and a careful study of the Word of God, with the help of commentaries and a Bible dictionary, she became a faithful teacher. She also often wrote little notes to her pupils, that she could not reach in any other way, and was able in this manner to do much good.

August, 1843, is one of the last dates from her own pen on this subject:

"I have been thinking that something new ought to be brought before my class to gain their undivided attention to the great truths taught in our lesson. I am at a loss to know what would at the same time both interest and profit them. O, thou All Wise, wilt thou show me how thou canst work through me for their advancement in Divine knowledge? During this week may I be able to keep this subject before my mind, and may I be led to discover and carry into execution some plan to effect this great good."

That she did not plan in vain, the following letters will show. The first is from one of her pupils, who caught much of her spirit in youth, and left her home and country as a missionary many years ago, and is still on missionary ground.

"Well do I remember the pleasant Sunday school class formed by a bevy of girls who assembled regularly in that old square, straight-backed pew, under one of the north windows of our anti-

quated church. I think it was the summer of 1839. The seats were so high our feet could scarcely touch the floor, but there we clustered around our teacher, and never thought of weariness so long as we might listen to the low, sweet tones in which she told us the wonderful story of Jesus' love. I seem to see her now, seated in a chair in the centre of that listening group, dressed in the sad habiliments of mourning, which spoke of the great affliction that overshadowed her life's spring-time. Not one of us but felt that in her great sorrow Jesus had come very near to her, teaching us to love as little children. To me she seemed so gentle, so mild, so loving, that involuntarily I longed to become a Christian that I might be like her."

Another pupil writes:

"She was one I dearly loved as a friend, as well as a faithful teacher, who realized the responsibility resting upon her. Never in the time she was my teacher do I recollect her meeting the class, but she conversed with each one personally, urging the necessity of a change of heart. Many were the times she endeavored to lead me to Christ, and

though it was long before my stubborn heart yielded, still I feel that it was to her prayers and faithfulness, under God, I owe my conversion."

Many such letters of deep interest might be inserted, but these are specimens of the whole. Another lady and dear friend, writing on another subject, informs us, that "when a young ladies' sewing circle was formed in her native town, to aid in supplying the wants of the destitute home missionaries at the West, Miss Gaylord generously stepped forward, giving her time, her influence and her counsels to the work. As one of the directresses of the society for a long series of years, and then as its president, she impressed all with the opinion that she was wise in counsel and remarkable for the delicate tact with which she could harmonize conflicting elements. Her true delicacy and refinement was powerful over the young people of the place. She seemed to give tone to society. In her presence rudeness was checked, and all good aspirations found ready encouragement. Her fine literary tastes established a standard which led eventually to the organization of a circle that provided original essays for reading in the sewing society.

Long after she left her native town did her example incite the youth of both sexes to emulate the same high-toned piety and devotion to every good work. This circle was kept in active operation some fifteen years, and furnished nearly two thousand dollars to the cause of missions, besides the elevating influence at home."

It must not be supposed that the great sense of responsibility that rested personally on her weighed upon her spirit so as to make her sad and uncompanionable. On the contrary, she was ever cheerful, sometimes mirthful and quite lively in her manner. Indeed, she was naturally full of sunshine and merriment. But the early trials through which she had passed saddened her spirit, and to be cheerful often cost her a great sacrifice of feeling.

The work of a Sunday school teacher she continued after leaving her native town, and a great crowd of witnesses could testify to her faitful labors. Many have joined the "innumerable multitude that no man can number," and doubtless were ready to welcome her to

"Everlasting habitations."

Others are still sowing beside all waters.

CHAPTER V.

AN EARLY HEART-SORROW.

"Through suffering and sorrow thou hast passed,
To show us what a woman, true, may be."

It is sad to see a young heart suffer; to feel that the early day is clouded by a great disappointment; that a light has gone out, never to be re-lighted till the darkness of the grave is exchanged for the light of immortality. A hidden grief shared by no earthly friend, finding no utterance in words, but to Him who "has trodden the wine-press alone," is hard to bear, and the stricken one is as a crushed flower, powerless, but fragrant still.

For about one short year Lucy was the affianced bride of a worthy young man, who was attracted by her excellent qualities of mind and heart, and her modest, amiable deportment. He was a student

in the same school with herself, and very naturally sought her society. Feeling alike in sympathies, aims and motives, a pure and elevating affection was the result. Parents and friends of both approved, and looked forward to years of happiness for two lovely, young lives blended into one. A beautiful sight! one of the purest joys that has survived the fall.

But the month of November, 1838, had darker days than could have been anticipated. Sickness prostrated the tall and manly form of the noble youth, and the chosen one of his best affections was sent for to be a gentle nurse and comforter. The disease proved to be typhoid fever. It baffled the skill of physicians and nurse; it regarded neither tears nor prayers; it killed the body, but had no power over the triumphant soul. Death had no sting, the grave no victory over the immortal spirit. We pass over the first paroxysm of grief, the large concourse of mourning friends, the funeral services, the burial of the loved form in the cold grave, the wild winds requiem through leafless trees, and the chill November blast, for these are common to many sad hearts. But the lonely one who longed to lie in that same grave, and whose bleeding heart

was waiting and hoping for a summons to follow to the same unbroken rest, shall tell us, in her journal, how she felt, what she thought, what improvement she made of this sore affliction when God was her comforter, that other stricken ones may learn of her the way of peace. It is well to feel

"God's ways are always right;
And Love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight;
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God."

After an interval of some months, of which she left no record, she wrote as follows:

"I here wish to record some of my views and feelings in relation to a recent bereavement. My mother kindly tells me, 'Time will blunt the keen edge of grief; I shall not always feel as I do now.' Can this be possible? Will there ever come a time when I shall forget? O, no; it cannot be. If this affliction was sent to wean my affections from this world, teaching me to place them upon God alone, would it accomplish this result, unless I meditate often upon it?"

"How changed are my hopes and prospects! the feelings and desires of my heart! Once all was bright and cloudless. Now the future seems dark, pleasureless and forbidding. Earth has no charms for me. Life is not a blessing. 'O that I could fly away and be at rest!' He who was once in some way connected with every thought and prospect, is suddenly taken away, and can never again mingle in these earthly scenes. Is he forever gone? Shall I no more listen to his pleasant voice? Yes; I shall meet him in the eternal world, and with him talk over the wonders of redeeming love. Idol of my heart while living, may not a hope of reunion with thee be one of the chief attractions of heaven. O God! help me to be submissive to thy holy will. May I not repine at thy dealings, but feel that thy holy will is best."

"Every thing around reminds me of the dear departed. I cannot read a page in any book but something brings him before the mind. If I meet an old friend, I think of one I shall see no more. When I enter the house of God, his vacant seat reminds me of the vacancy in my own heart. His voice is not in the choir, but I almost hear it among

the angelic throng. If I think of the heavenly world, it reminds me of his employment there."

"*April* 2, 1839.—I have a firm conviction that this great bereavement was ordered by Infinite love and goodness. Some months ago I felt that he held that place in my affections that should be given only to God; that my heart's homage was given to one earthly being, and I feared the consequences. A faithful monitor seemed to whisper, 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth,' but I heeded not. Unchangeable, undying love for one I felt was worthy, engrossed my whole being."

"*April* 7.—Nearly six months have passed since the death of dear H. They have flown away more rapidly than I expected. Let me not shrink, then, from the contemplation of the years to come that may be appointed for me. Though they be years of suffering, they will quickly pass. I will try to be patient and wait to the end. God is infinite in mercy; and when he sees me prepared, he will take me home. Welcome any dispensation that will more fully prepare me for heaven.

"Another communion season has passed. I could not bear to look at the pew where he used to sit, to partake of the bread and wine, and he not here; or to listen to the hymn of praise, and his voice hushed in everlasting silence. But my thoughts went upwards to the mansions of glory, to the purer songs of the redeemed in heaven, and the holy communion of the spirits before the throne of the Eternal, and I prayed that I might soon join them there.

"How little do others know of my real feelings! I try to appear cheerful and calm, but no one knows of the heaving bosom, the suppressed breath, the feverish brow, the agony of heart, that is so often hid. O, it is hard thus to bear my weight of woe, but I cannot communicate my feelings to any human being."

"*May* 3*d.*—Have just returned from the dying bed of another dear friend. Had I not a firm conviction that my Father will take me hence as soon as I am prepared for a holier world, I should wish to exchange places with her. But I do not deserve this joy. O, when shall I be fitted for the fellowship of the pure spirits above?"

"*May* 12*th.*—Six months ago, to-day, I stood as the bride elect of one whom my heart held most dear, though his life was fast ebbing away. That was his last day on earth, the last time I was to hear him address me in accents of tenderness and love, the last time I was to behold that anxious, affectionate glance thrown on me. That day changed the current of my life, took from me the idol of my heart, and made me a widow in every thing but the name. I look forward, but there seems no joy, no light. It would be joyful news to hear the summons to the spirit world. This life of sin and sorrow has no charms to detain me. I do not feel thankful that my life is preserved, and cannot pray to be kept from all harm. Now, are these feelings right in the sight of God? Is not my idol still in the grave? O, my Heavenly Father, teach me to distinguish between a lawful and just regard for his memory and that idolatry which is sin. May I not forget that 'God dealeth with us as with sons, and what son is there whom the Father chasteneth not.'"

"*May* 26*th.*—I must arouse myself to action. God calls me to be useful in the world, and not live

to nourish grief. If I can do no more than show patience and submission under tribulation, I shall not live in vain.

"O, that I could see dear H. for one short hour! Hush, murmuring heart! It cannot be. Wait patiently till God's own, best time shall come. Let me labor for the good of others and forget myself. I will no longer wish for death, but rejoice in life, a life devoted to the good of others."

"*June* 2.—Summer is here, beautiful summer, and I feel there is new joy and life in my soul. For some months previous to the death of dear H. I doubted my 'title to mansions in the skies,' but now I seldom have a doubt. Why is this? Let me search and try my heart, that I be not deceived."

"How much do I need his faithful counsel and example to keep me in the right way. Still I rejoice that he is forever free from the turmoils of sin and sorrow, and has entered into rest. Why am I continued here, while one so eminently useful is called away? 'Tis mystery all. 'Even so, father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.' Amen and amen."

"*Sabbath, June* 9.—Another Sabbath has shed its blessed influences around me. May the instructions of to-day be deeply engraven on my heart. Uncle Colton preached this morning upon 'growth in grace.' He invited us all to self-examination. I fear I cannot stand the test. Still, as I look back one year, I do feel that I have made advancement in the divine life, though I am far from what a Christian, with my advantages, ought to be. I have been visited with a deep and heavy affliction, which I think has not been in vain."

"*June* 10.—Sorrow and sighing have taken hold upon me again. A half hour since I took my rhetoric for the double purpose of amusement and instruction; but alas! that flood of sadness, which will roll upon me sometimes so unexpectedly, rushed in with new power, and I was overcome. The thought of one not with me now, who once took such a deep interest in my studies, so absorbs my mind, that I cannot fix my attention on any subject. While he was here, all my pursuits had reference to his wishes. Now I wish to pursue that course which I think he will still approve. To strive for more knowledge, to live to benefit the world,

were his moving springs to action. May they be also mine.

"Uncle W. G. C., after the death of his lovely wife, when he took up the pen said, 'Alas! I lack the bestirring impulse.' But it is not so with me. My spirit seems aroused to new action. All my latent energies seem bursting forth. At first I sank in deep waters. They came over my soul. The dark clouds were heavy upon me. But now I feel a new strength within me; there is light on the cloud."

"*July* 7.—Have this day been permitted to sit once more at the table of my Lord and Master. One year ago to-day was the last time my friend H. partook of the symbols of Christ's death. I trust now he needs nothing to shadow forth the glorious perfection of our all-adorable Redeemer. Now he is like him, and can see him as he is. When shall I be prepared to unite with him in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb?"

"One year ago my heart was light,
My hopes were fair, and life seemed bright;
But now are fled those days of joy,
And mournful themes my thoughts employ.

"My friend has left me, and they say
That time will wear my grief away;
But O, lost one! it cannot be
That I shall cease to weep for thee.

"O, Saviour kind! thy love how free!
Thy precious blood was shed for me;
O let this selfish heart now weep
For human woe, than mine more deep.

"In thy blest work my life I'll spend,
Nor will I wish it soon to end;
Cheerful I'll wait till all is done,
Then, Father, wilt thou take me home?"

"*July* 10.—While pacing my room last night in great agony of mind, thinking of my sore bereavement, the thought flashed upon me, that even if friends did recognise each other in the eternal world, my friend has been there so much longer than I can be, his capacities for enjoyment and for obtaining knowledge would be so expanded, and his progress so great, that we could never again be congenial spirits. My heart almost died within me, and grim despair had me in his chains again. With all my desire for knowledge, and feeble efforts to attain it, the futility of ever in this world keeping pace with the inhabitants of heaven, pre-

sented itself so strong, I was overcome; but it was only for a little. Faith triumphed, and I became a little child again, trusting my present and future well-being in the hands of my Heavenly Father. I begin to feel that I am not to live for myself, but for others. I have concentrated my thoughts too much upon myself. My happiness, my advancement in knowledge and holiness, have too much occupied my mind. I think I see my great mistake. These are connected with, and flow from my usefulness, and are promoted thereby."

"*August* 18.—Have once more visited the grave of my dearest earthly friend, seen where lie buried my fondest earthly hopes, and yet 'not one wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast.' Strange indeed would this feeling have been to me a few months since. But unless I am under a strong delusion, I believe I am enjoying the assurance of hope—the assurance of faith. I seem not to have one doubt or fear. Formerly the great inquiry of my mind was, 'Am I a Christian, or am I not?' I was continually looking within me for evidences of piety, but could not find them. Now I look to Christ as my hope and trust, saying, 'Lord, what

wilt thou have me to do?' And in endeavoring to do His will, I have found joy and peace."

"*November* 11.—This is to me a sad anniversary. I must review the past, and ask what report it bears to heaven. 'Affliction does not spring up out of the dust,' but is sent to accomplish Heaven's high decree. What have I learned from this painful lesson? I think my character has greatly changed in the past year. I cannot realize that I am the same thoughtless girl that once was 'happy all day and happy all night.' I think I have learned to feel the instability of human happiness, and how easily God can blast our prospects. I never felt before how dependent we are upon God for common blessings—life, health and friends; never realized how necessary trials and afflictions are to fit us for unending felicity. Formerly I assented to these facts; now my heart feels them. I think, too, my intellect has been quickened by this trial. I have read less, but thought more. It has refined my taste, and given me a keener relish for the beautiful in nature and in mind. But above all, it has drawn my heart nearer to God. He has spoken to me. I have felt that I was in His presence, and I heard a

voice saying, 'Be still, and know that I am God. Thou shalt know all hereafter.'"

"*April* 29, 1840.—My beloved cousin, John Owen Colton, has taken his flight to the spirit world. Why am I spared, and one with such bright prospects of usefulness taken away? I know not. So exemplary has been his life for many years, we have the strongest evidence he was fully prepared for heaven, and has now entered into rest. His desire on earth was to glorify God and do good to man. But God doeth all things well. May we all profit by this affliction."

"*May* 17*th*.—My maternal grandmother, who had nearly reached fourscore years, has this day bid adieu to earth. 'Friend after friend departs.' So sudden has been this stroke, that I cannot realize that she has gone. It seems like a sad dream of the night. Last Sabbath she attended three services at church, Wednesday was quite sick, and to-day she is dead. May this affliction also prove a blessing to us all, exciting us to greater diligence and fervency in duty. May we all remember her dying injunction: 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

Comfort these who mourn, and bless these repeated trials to us all."

"*May* 18*th.*—While riding to the grave prepared for my aged relative, I had a sweet sense of the goodness of God. I felt deeply that He is infinitely worthy of our love, desires the happiness of all his creatures, and gratifies their desires when not inconsistent with his glory and their highest good. Our friends taken from us may be now ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, or even our guardian angels. Though their very essence is love to all intelligent beings, yet the memory of kindred, earthly ties, may not be obliterated by death, but cherished in those regions of light and love. Do they not take a deep interest in whatever affects our well-being? O, I love to think they are with me still, watching all I do, and loving me with a pure and holy love."

"*November* 11, 1841.—This is the third anniversary of the death of my dearest earthly friend, and time has not passed without leaving upon me traces of its progress. My light-hearted, buoyant feelings are exchanged for a more quiet, subdued happiness.

The inexperience of youth has given place to the sterner realities of life. I live no longer in a bright, ideal world, but, as Southey says:

'Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But with the baseless hopes of youth,
Its generous warmth is gone:
Cold, calculating cares succeed
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth.'

"I once hoped I should never see the time when the warmth and freshness of my heart would be gone, when the dull realities of life would take the place of the bright idealities of my early days. But I now find purer, higher happiness in God and duty than I dreamed of then. I do not wish to be set back into 'the dim burial isles of the past,' or ask time to retrace his steps. I have great reason for gratitude that affliction's rod, with its sanctifying influences, has been laid upon me. Still, I am deeply sensible of my great loss—the great void in my heart—that can only be filled by the presence of Christ."

In this manner this loving heart was trained in youth, and was led

"To look for rest, when fire had tried,
And much affliction purified."

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW HOME.

"A warm and simple home, where thou'lt enjoy,
With one who shares thy pleasures and thy heart,
Sweet converse."

APRIL 23, 1846, Lucy was married to Samuel C. Pomeroy, of Southampton, Massachusetts, and removed to a new home. They were of kindred feeling in life's great work, had suffered alike by early bereavement, and were drawn together by that natural affinity that unites two lives in one. He had left the mercantile business in Western New-York a few years previous, at the request of his aged parents, to care for them through life's decline. Lucy was truly a "helpmeet" for him. In Aurora Leigh we read, "whoever lives true life, will love true love." The mutual confidence and affection

with which their acquaintance commenced, grew deeper and stronger as years passed. She entered upon her new duties with earnestness, but with her usual timidity and distrust of her own abilities. A new brick cottage had been prepared for her near the old family home, and she went to work furnishing it, and arranging every thing with an eye to neatness and comfort. Her superior knowledge of house-keeping, learned while with her excellent mother, made labor easy. Her mistakes were few. Around her was no hurry or bustle, but she always seemed calm as a summer morning. She possessed the tact of accomplishing much in a short time, great skill in overcoming difficulties, was self-reliant to a remarkable degree, and never faltered till bodily strength was exhausted. The aged parents were her special care; their comfort and convenience was her study; she denied herself that they might be first cared for, and consulted their necessities before she supplied her own. She often prepared their food by her own hand, that it might be agreeable to their taste or health. Her domestics were taught to show them great respect and kind attentions. In return they learned to love her as a daughter, had great confidence in her judgment

and gratitude for her kindness. They watched daily for her coming to sit with them an hour or two, and enjoyed much her conversation on the various topics of the day, their widely-separated family and their own history. She read to them letters from their absent children, wrote for them as they dictated, and sympathized with them as the increasing infirmities of age lessened the joys of life. A peculiar and beautiful affection sprung up between her and her husband's aged father, which was manifested in kind attentions on both sides. He used to say, "Samuel has a remarkable wife." He studied to relieve her of care when he could, and to assist her when in his power. She treated him with unusual deference, saw that he had his favorite newspapers in good time, talked to him of his early years and the life to come. If she was sick he went often to inquire if she was better, and never ceased his anxiety till she was out again.

In her treatment of her domestics she remembered they had feelings and rights she was bound to respect. To improve their habits, instruct them in their work, show them the best way of doing every thing, and giving them opportunities for reading, were duties she did not neglect. In this

way she secured their respect and deep affection, that was often manifested after they left her service. In speaking of foreign help she once said: "They are the most industrious and profitable laborers we can find. I feel deeply for these wanderers from home and country; they have not only souls to be saved, but sympathies and feelings that I love to respect and help them to cherish." At one time she had a Margaret, fresh from "the Emerald Isle," who knew not the use of hardly one article of kitchen furniture. Her patience was at first sorely tried, but Margaret appreciated the thoughtful kindness shown her, and seemed determined to do her best. When she made blunders, she was instructed how to avoid them in future; if her clumsy hands let fall a dish for the table, she was not scolded, but encouraged to believe she could learn to be more careful. When she boiled the workmen's woollen socks with the fine linen, she was pleasantly told of the absurdity, and did not do it a second time, "though, sure, they needed boiling more than any thing." Margaret never had thought for herself, never reasoned on any subject. One day she said to Mrs. Pomeroy, "I guess they'll make it rain to-day." "Why, Margaret,"

she replied, "who will make it rain?" "O, Mr. Pomeroy, and them that wants it." "Who do you think gives us rain when we need it, Margaret?" "I don't know, ma'am; I never thought about it." "Who made that tree and the mountain beyond?" "I don't know; I suppose they grew so." "Who made the sun to give us light, and the moon and stars, Margaret?" "I don't know, ma'am; nobody has told me." "Margaret, who made you?" "Oh, God made me; I learned that in my catechism." "Well, God also made the sun, moon and stars, the mountains and the trees, and he only can make it rain. No man can do it." With eyes and mouth open with astonishment, this uncultivated daughter of "the Church" exclaimed, "Dear me, do tell; aint that queer?" But though she had learned the catechism and been to confession, was particular to eat no meat on Friday, without ever being aroused to think for herself, she now had a new idea. She became useful help under the patient instruction of one who took an interest in her as an immortal being, and her warm Irish heart returned the profoundest love and reverence, seeming to feel for Mrs. Pomeroy some of the same awe that she did for the "Blessed Virgin."

A young lad from the same country was also a member of her family, as "the boy of all work;" and proved more promising as a student. He had been taught to read in the old country, and she encouraged in him a love of books. In his leisure moments, she suggested that the best company was a good book or paper. She taught him the use of figures, and how to keep accounts. If sent to market he was soon able to bring home "the change" all right, and seemed proud of being trusted. She impressed upon him the necessity of being strictly honest and truthful, and he proved to be an excellent boy. His attainments soon were such that it seemed best to encourage him in going to school. Accordingly he was sent to school, where his progress was rapid and standing respectable. At the close of the first term he said to Mrs. Pomeroy, "send me to school one more winter, ma'am, and not a bit more of Irish will be found in me. No one can tell me from a Yankee boy any where." It was a great pleasure to her in after life to learn he made a good and intelligent man.

With a family varying from six to eleven, she was a busy and faithful house-keeper. But she was so cheerful, ever seemed so much at ease, that few

understood how much she wished for hours of leisure, in which she might read or write according to her early taste. In a letter to one who knew much of her inner life, she says:

"Doubtless it has been to you more than 'a nine days' wonder,' that, so unlike my former punctuality, I have permitted weeks to pass without replying to your kind letter. Yet could you have extended your line of vision across the prairies, and over the mountains, lakes and rivers that lie between us, you would have seen me daily toiling on from early morn to eve's late hours, with not a brief space for communion by pen with distant loved ones. As each day and week comes round, Hope points her rosy finger to the next, as one of less labor, and larger leisure, when I could hasten to the pleasant task. But each successive hour sees all its moments have a present need. Husband and I laughed together when you asked, 'what books are you reading?' Why, we scarce know there is a reading world. Books, literature, mental culture—we have no ideas of such elevated themes. We have sometimes a little inkling, a sort of half-remembered dream, of having somewhere in the almost forgotten

past, lingered around and sipped from their sacred founts. True, we 'drank not deep,' but 'tasted the Pierian spring,' and thirsted for more. But now this busy world claims all our time and care; our thirst must go unquenched. And here I am at thirty years of age, a demure, matter-of-fact matron, with scarce a thought beyond my daily labor, dwindled and dwindling more and more into a mere automaton worker. But still away somewhere in the future I see a brighter day, when either on earth or in heaven I shall find rest."

Thus, "in her lesser sphere, she was forever looking up and on, to life's sublimer things."

She became deeply attached to her Massachusetts home; studied to do all in her power to render it attractive and happy; and its hospitalities were often shared by those who remembered her with pleasure and loved her society. She made many dear friends, but not hastily. It took some time and pains to find out her worth. But those who knew most of her daily life loved her best. Her conversation was instructive, so that her society was sought by those who loved an intelligent friend.

The scenery around her home charmed her, and thus she writes:

"I loved my Otisco home. For me it had ever a face of quiet beauty, to mellow and chasten the feelings. But my Massachusetts home, with its bold, rugged mountains around, and deep wild ravines, has more of awe and sublimity, aye, of beauty too, though of quite another form. I love old mountains and rocks, with wooded glens and fertile vallies. I love the mingling of the high and the low, the mild and the wild in nature's scenery. When travelling through a level country I have an indescribable sense of weariness, oppression, dissatisfaction almost; but when a lofty mountain is descried in the distance, the quickened pulse and beating heart tell of newly awakened emotions of joy. God has placed peculiar honor upon mountains, and blessed them from time to time with tokens of his visible presence. It always seems to me they are nearer his dwelling-place, above the tumult of earth, alone with God. I love to ascend their highest summits, feel that God is there, and I am in his presence."

As a conscientious Christian woman, Mrs. Pome-

roy was early known in her new place of residence. She took an early opportunity of uniting with the Congregational Church, and a deep interest in its spiritual prosperity. She longed to see the people of God revived, and the kingdom of Christ extended.

In the Sabbath school she was again an efficient teacher. A class of young girls was committed to her care, and she labored, prayed and felt that they must become Christians, or her instructions were all in vain. Although seldom able to meet them, except on the Sabbath, she often wrote notes to them of earnest entreaty, or judicious instruction. Sometimes she would invite them, one at a time, to her home, that she might better understand their religious condition and inspire their confidence.

In the winter of 1849–'50, the spirit of God was poured out in a remarkable manner on the Sabbath school. There followed more than thirty hopeful conversions between the ages of ten and fifteen years, while many in middle life, and some gray-headed sinners, turned to the Lord. Her heart was full of joy and praise, and she spared not herself. She wrote to a friend as follows:

"My dear class of fourteen girls, all save one, in-

dulge hope in Christ; God has visited us out of the depths of His infinite goodness and compassion.

"I enclose to you a little note from one of my youngest pupils, written just as the revival commenced, that you may see how I was aroused and quickened to duty."

"MY DEAR TEACHER:

"I feel my need of a Saviour. I know that He is knocking at the door of my heart. Why do I not let Him in? I know not. I feel that this is my best time to seek the Lord while I am young. I have prayed, and He has answered some of my prayers; but I have prayed for a new heart, and He has not answered, and I fear I have not prayed aright, for He has said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Pray for me, my dear, dear teacher, O pray for me. Tell me how I must come to Christ, or I must perish."

It was no common joy that this Sunday school teacher experienced as she read this little note, and felt, though all unworthy, her labors had not been in vain.

These pupils had for her a most tender and affec-

tionate regard, looking upon her as their spiritual guide to the way of life. Before many years have gone, some of them passed to their home above, leaving behind a bright evidence of a true Christian life. Others still live to labor in the Master's vineyard, and from time to time are made to rejoice in good fruits gathered for the garner by their instrumentality.

Thus passed four years in her new home, happy years of labor and toil, but rich and glorious in their reward.

CHAPTER VII.

SICKNESS; ITS DISCIPLINE AND TRIUMPHS.

"Not useless all, though laid aside
From life's best duties, loves and cares;
Nor joyless all, though oft denied
What most thy spirit pines to share.

"If to thy heart the task be given
To shed the silent influence 'round,
The work may be as much of heaven
As many a deed of lofty sound.

"And if thy faith and patience e'er
Has cheered one human grief or pain,
Or taught the suffering how to bear
One ill, thou hast not lived in vain.

"Then deem not thy affliction loss,
Though hope's last sun go darkly down;
Who bears on earth the heaviest cross
May wear in heaven the brightest crown."

THE spring of 1850 found Mrs. Pomeroy somewhat prostrated by the exciting and interesting scenes through which she had just passed. She arranged

her home cares on the simplest plan, so she could attend the daily meetings, and devote all her leisure time, in this harvest hour, to other work. When urged to have help in the kitchen, she said, "No; when alone my mind is left for meditation though my hands are busily employed; but if I have a girl to direct and look after, my thoughts will necessarily be distracted and my quiet disturbed." As her husband was Superintendent of the Sabbath school, she felt that she must be ready to assist him in every possible way at this golden period when such rich sheaves were to be gathered in. But as spring advanced she found she had over-taxed her physical powers and she must rest. Just then her mother-in-law was taken sick, and there was no time to stop. She did much of the nursing herself, because she could do it acceptably to the aged invalid. When health was restored to the mother the daughter was sick. Her resolution and energy had greatly exceeded her powers of endurance. She rallied a little, and as soon as the warm days of summer came, a journey to her early home was taken, that the weary child might rest awhile under the fostering wing of her own precious mother. But there were many friends to visit; much that was interesting and ex-

citing to enjoy; long stories to tell and hear; and she returned to her own home but little refreshed by the journey. The over-taxed nervous system, the exhausted body generally, needed a long rest and entire freedom from care. This was not seen at the time; but when the distressing sick headaches, to which she had long been subject, returned with greater frequency and violence, friends became anxious lest she was to be wholly laid aside, and urged her to give up and rest. But her desire for usefulness was too strong to allow her to remain idle. She must meet her beloved class on the Sabbath, though she knew great suffering would be the result. Her persistent energy would not allow her to give up so long as there was any strength remaining. Thus month by month she was gradually wearing out, unconscious of the great sacrifice she was making, and so gently failing, that her nearest friends were as blinded as herself.

In the spring of 1851 she was for some time under new medical treatment. She rallied a little, but there was no decided change, and a journey to the sea-side was proposed. She entered into all the arrangements with new interest; hope kept her up; but before the time arrived for her departure,

her disease assumed a new and acute form, and she could not go. For a time her life was despaired of, and her parents and friends were summoned from a distance to see her for the last time. Anxiously they watched day after day over the suffering one. But the hour of death had not yet come, and she rallied again, to linger on in much weakness and suffering. "I have a strong love of life," she would say, "and, if it is my Heavenly Father's will, I would like to live, and labor for my family and others."

During the winter of 1851–'52 she was wholly confined to the house, and much of the time to her bed. Her husband was in the State Legislature that winter, and she preferred to have the oversight of the family in his absence, and so great was the confidence placed in her judgment, that no one thought of an appeal from her decisions. She continued to take a deep interest in religious and literary news. Subjects under discussion in the Legislature were as familiar to her, in her lonely sick room, as if she resided in the metropolis of the State.

The whole of 1852 she continued an invalid. At times she would seem to improve a little, then ra-

pidly sinking to the grave. It was evident that she must be kept from any exertion of the little strength remaining. Sometimes she would see some dear friend who called, and would appear so cheerful, so lively, take so deep an interest in every thing, the impression would be made, that she was not very sick; that she was much better than was expected or had been reported. But could the utter prostration that followed have been witnessed, or the consequent suffering for hours or days afterwards, from the effort to render the call agreeable, they would have had a little idea how frail was the tenement that held her noble, active spirit.

In the spring of 1853 her disease became still more complicated, and she was wholly confined to her bed, from which, for weeks at a time, she could not be removed without very great suffering, though borne as gently as a tender mother would carry a delicate infant. None but her constant attendants could have any idea of the intense suffering she often endured.

For more than one whole year she lay thus helpless as an infant, only at rare intervals being removed to the sofa for a few hours, or occasionally having her head raised by an additional pillow.

This was her trial year. Secluded in a darkened room, because the light caused such excessive headaches; seeing no one but her husband and nurse; not able to converse with them, or hear any reading, except a few verses from the Bible or the "Chaplet of Flowers," (that always lay with her Bible on her table,) she cheerfully and patiently waited to know the will of her Heavenly Father. Still her mind was clear and active, and she continued to take a deep interest in what was going on in the world. From a very few remarks made incidentally she would grasp a great deal, and would surprise those with her by questions that showed knowledge that was thought beyond her reach. She always preferred to be alone, and required very little attention for one so feeble. In this she consulted not only her own feelings and comfort, but the health and happiness of her attendant, ever more ready to think of the convenience of others than her own. She knew that invalids usually grow selfish and exacting, and was afraid she should become so. She expressed anxiety lest her prolonged sufferings should lead her to think lightly of the sufferings of others, and was fearful she should

magnify her own trials by contrasting them with those of shorter duration.

About this time her physician gave up all hope of her recovery, and said they might look for her to drop away any time. She seemed just to linger on earth, so frail, so weary, a rough wind might at any time blow out the flickering light. The friend who watched constantly near her would wait and wait to hear the little bell, that would slightly move when she wished no longer to be alone, and go unbidden to see if she still lived. The history of those trying days must be unwritten, for no one but the All-seeing knows how she felt, or what she thought. Her cheerful and entire resignation was truly wonderful. A spirit less active or less independent would have suffered less. A sweet trust in the love and faithfulness of her God and Saviour was constant and abiding. Her hope in Christ was unclouded, in the prospect of a speedy departure to the eternal world, or in the greater trial of protracted painful prostration.

Once, only, during all these years of sickness, is it known that she doubted. This was early in the year 1854, when her nervous system seemed more sensitive than usual, and her spirits more depressed.

Her excruciating headaches were more frequent; parts of the body were affected by a spasmodic twitching; the jaws sometimes were almost dislocated, so as to make it painful for her to take her food.

The prince of darkness seemed to be allowed to take advantage of this extremity. Her darkest hour drew near, and she was left to struggle alone. She would not believe it was the hour of temptation. She felt that she was self-deceived, and had never known the love of Christ. She would not indulge the thought that this was one of Satan's devices to disturb her peace, and refused to listen to any consolation. Her anguish of mind and body seemed too great to be long endured. Alone she struggled with the powers of evil. Sinking in the deep waters, she exclaimed: "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." She looked to God in faith, and deliverance came. Satan departed, and angels came and ministered unto her. The Holy Spirit brought the truth to her mind, and she was filled with joy and peace. She seemed to dwell in the sunlight of her Saviour's presence, and had the rich and sweet experience of His love.

Soon after she gathered a little strength, and was

able to converse and hear a little reading. She requested to have the one hundred and seventh Psalm read to her, a few verses in a day, slowly and repeatedly. In this way she committed the whole to memory; an effort of mind to which she had not been equal for years, and it was a luxury to her craving spirit. She seemed wholly chastened and subdued. She had passed through the Refiner's fire, and His image was reflected on all that remained.

April 8th, 1854, her father-in-law, to whom she was sincerely attached, and who had watched and prayed for her recovery, died. For many months she had not seen him, and now he must pass away, and she could not look upon his loved face before it was laid to rest in the grave. She only requested that the curtain should be raised, that she might watch from the window the sad funeral procession as it moved from the house to the resting-place of the dead.

As summer came, with its soft breath, its birds and flowers, there was a slight change for the better, and her physician expressed a desire for her removal to some other climate. The thought was a new one, but it did her good. About this time a

clergyman, who had become a dear relative by marriage, wrote to her: "Have faith to be healed." She immediately replied: "I wish Mr. B. would tell me what he means by that expression. If it presupposes the belief that my life, if prolonged, would be serviceable, then I have no call to exercise it. Some months since I felt that my services for those around me were not only desirable, but absolutely necessary in my humble sphere. But I have been taught that when God chooses to have a work done, he is never at a loss for human instrumentalities, and when he does not design its performance, all would-be workers are laid aside. But let me hear from him again:

EXTRACT FROM HIS LETTER.

"By 'have faith to be healed,' I mean that you should look up to the great Physician, and ask his interposition for your recovery, with a confident expectation that He will grant your request. Your restoration to health, and your active service, is not a matter of indifference to your Saviour. He is strongly disposed to relieve your pains and heal your sickness. Confide in His kindness and power

to help you. Come, and ask, and receive, not demand or dictate. Humbly and confidingly commit your case to Him to heal you, just as Bartimeus applied for sight. Jesus cannot resist an appeal made in such a spirit. According to your faith, so shall it be unto you. Feel that He loves to gratify you, that He can bless you with health, and thereby make you a blessing to others."

On this letter she pondered long. It gave her new life and another subject for thought. Slowly she seemed to believe she could live, and once more be useful to the world.

In August, 1854, her husband received a proposition from the N. E. Aid Company to go out as agent for them into the new Territory of Kansas, where they were about to settle a free State. But he felt that he could not leave an invalid wife, nor could he ask her to make the sacrifice.

But she soon was able to converse on the subject, and entered into the new scheme with an enthusiasm wholly unlooked for. She had a clear perception of the magnitude and importance of the plan, such an entire forgetfulness of personal considerations or advantages, such a renunciation of selfish motives,

that her character stood out in a very beautiful and noble light. She suggested that her own dear parents, now somewhat at liberty, should be invited to spend a year with her, and he could then be spared for the new field of labor. She was allowed to have her own choice in the matter, and this plan was carried into execution. The day Mr. Pomeroy left home to accompany the first band of emigrants to the new and inviting country where they were to make new homes, Mrs. Gaylord arrived, and took her watchful station by the bedside of her invalid daughter. Mr. Gaylord was to come on in a few weeks, and much comfort was anticipated by the agreeable arrangement. Mrs. Pomeroy now improved rapidly. She was soon able to sit up long enough to take her meals, and looked forward to November, when her husband was to return for another band of emigrants, as a time when she should be able to leave her room. She formed the plan, that on Thanksgiving day they would be together once more, and she would join the family at the table. But God saw fit to give her another trial. Saturday evening, November 25th, her mother was taken sick; neither the physician or family thought her case dangerous for the first three days. On Wednesday, the

29th, Mr. Gaylord arrived, and thought Mrs. G. very sick. Congestion of the lungs followed, and she failed rapidly. At times she was delirious, could give no parting words, only, "Tell them all is right"—"All is well," and on Friday, December 1st, she joined the ransomed throng in heaven. The again stricken one requested that her bed might be moved, that from the next room she might watch the closing scene. When all was over, and the cold, loved form of the mother, on whom she had so heavily leaned, was laid in the coffin, she asked that the sacred casket might be placed by her bed-side, that she might take a final leave of the precious dust. "Leave me alone for a little while," she added. But what passed in that silent room, while she was alone with the dead, must be unwritten. We only know, God did not leave her to herself. The everlasting arms were around and beneath her, and she was comforted. Afterwards she remarked, "I could not have borne this new trial as I did, if, in my weakness, I had to go through the struggle of giving up my mother. Two years before, in the near prospect of my own death, I passed through that trial."

In the early morning of the next day, while it

was yet dark, her father and husband left with the loved remains, to lay them beside her kindred in Otisco, N. Y., and she was left alone of all her relatives to bear the grief of her sore bereavement. Sustained and strengthened as she had never been before by her Saviour's presence, she complained not, but said, "Thy will be done."

Other arrangements were made for her, other friends took the place of those who had gone, and in a few weeks her husband left again for the responsibilities and hardships of his new field of labor. She felt that the great battle between slavery and freedom was about to begin on the soil of Kansas, and the friends of the poor slave must do their part. "I can do nothing but make this sacrifice," she said; "I will do this cheerfully." She improved gradually during the winter, though still confined to the house; was able to write some, read a little, and use the needle. In the spring her husband was at home for a few weeks, during which time his aged mother entered into rest, April 15, 1855, in sweet hope of a glorious immortality. Lucy then began to plan for her own removal to Kansas, feeling she had nothing more to detain her in the old home. She saw a new object to live for, a new and inviting

field of labor, and she longed for strength to enter it and work for God. But the whole of the year 1855 and part of 1856 found her still an invalid, hoping, watching, waiting. Her mind was towards Kansas, for there was trouble there. Intense anxiety for the life of her husband and others, and the future of that young territory, blended as it was with the cause of freedom, was not favorable to improvement in health.

At one time she received the startling intelligence that her husband was hung by an infuriated mob. She received the news with perfect composure, only replying: "That cannot be true. I fully believe he was called to Kansas for a special object, and I know that he is immortal till his work is done." In a short time she heard of his safety, having been wonderfully preserved through every danger. In a few weeks he was with her again, found her still improving, and looking forward to the future with hope, when the struggle then going on in Kansas had passed. When he left again a letter followed, showing so truly the state of her feelings, that we give it entire:

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"SOUTHAMPTON, SATURDAY, P. M.,
"*September* 6, 1856.

"DEAR S.:

"Although I have sent you two letters, and there is little probability of your receiving this, I am foolish enough to write again. Who knows but you may be detained a little in Illinois, and be able to receive it? I wish to know if any thing is being done to aid and relieve the settlers of Kansas. Is there really a large force in the Western States who will, if need be, march into the Territory at all hazards, determined 'to conquer or die.' Or will the indignation of the North vent itself only in words? How strange it sounds to me, when friends call and say, they 'should not think you would go back now; you are so marked you would have no mercy shown you if you are taken;' or, they 'should not think I would be willing to have you go.' To one such friend I have to-day replied: 'If the battle of freedom ought to be fought in Kansas now, then it is the duty of some to go and fight it; and why is it not my husband's duty as much as any one's?'

"I have no patience with the sympathy and philanthropy that talks loudly in its home of ease and comfort, but will not face the enemy on the field,

or bear its bosom to the stroke. It will not open its purse to those whose spirits are willing, yet they are empty-handed, or lay its friends on the altar.

"This praying that 'the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ;' that 'slavery may be done away,' and the 'oppressor's yoke be broken,' yet doing nothing, does not look very consistent. Do such have an idea that God, solely by his interposing power, or by the ministration of angels, will accomplish the work? Surely such has not been the manner heretofore.

"To be sure, I am doing nothing myself for Kansas, and I do not know what I can do but to pray more. Ah! this I can, and will do. 'He who can cause one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight, will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.' But I have not hindered the work by refusing to yield my husband when he was called to it. If I know my own heart, sooner would I cut off my right hand than place any obstacle in your pathway thither.

"During nearly all your active life you have been openly enlisted on the side of freedom, enduring obloquy, contempt, ridicule and slander for the maintenance of the principle, that 'man should

not hold his fellow man as property;' that 'God created all men free and equal.' How much more reason is there now to stand firm, when not only your own principles, but the lives of your friends, are in danger; also the interests of our whole country, the 'free North' as well as the enslaved are in jeopardy.

"Stay away from the field of conflict, the contested soil, because there is danger! Oh! no! no! unless the path of duty seems to lie somewhere else. Go, when God's finger points, and stay when it does not! Anxiously and constantly seek his guidance, and realize that 'he who findeth (that is, tries to save) his life shall lose it, and he who loseth it for Christ's sake shall find it' in a glorious hereafter.

"I do not make these remarks because I have detected in you any flinching or hanging back. No! no! Thank God, I have never seen you falter. I know you have no ambition to be a martyr; have a strong natural love of comfort and quiet, and none for strife and war, none for military display and martial glory. I believe your adherence to the principles the sons of the Pilgrims are trying to maintain in Kansas will be unyielding, and in the future

as in the past, you will not be intimidated by the war-cry, or be shaken in your faith. I rejoice that it is so, let the consequences be what they may. So long as you do nothing unworthy your position, I will 'thank God and take courage.' 'Act well your part, there all the honor lies,' equally when it leads to prison and to the gallows, or the laurel crown. I did not ask you what were your own feelings or forebodings in regard to your personal safety or return. For my part, though I write tear-blinded, yet I am not bowed down with sadness; I willingly and cheerfully give you up to this noble work. Still I thought it possible you might need these words in some dark hour and thus I have written.

'It is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part,
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not *sometimes* lose heart.'

May God grant us grace to do and to endure all he appoints us here, cheerfully and gratefully accepting all of joy or sorrow, comfort or distress, honor or disgrace, which may come.

"Adieu,

"Lucy."

We give some extracts from Mrs. Pomeroy's letters to show her feelings as she grew stronger, and was able to go out again into the world.

EXTRACTS.

"I am gaining a little every week, and hope soon to be able to go abroad once more under the open sky and on God's green earth, where my angle of vision will not be confined by four close walls. I hardly know how to act, having been shut up so long. When I think of the eye of the world being thrown upon me, I feel a sort of tremor come over me, but when I am stronger I shall have more courage."

"As my sleep has been nearly as long and profound as that of Rip Van Winkle, I find myself even more rusty than he, because the world moves so much more rapidly now than then. It is very mortifying to me to enter into conversation with those who have been permitted to move on with the world. When they allude to events that it is expected every one will know, I can only say, 'I have been sleeping for some years and know not what events have been transpiring.'

"During much of my illness the brain was much too active for comfort, but as I recover it is less and less so. Sometimes I fear I am losing my mind; the fountains of thought and feeling seem all dried up. I feel the need of devoting all my strength to reading and writing, but as yet I have read but one book and written a few letters. This, however, is a luxury I know how to value as I never did before."

"OLD HOMESTEAD, *July* 4, 1856.

"My jubilee has commenced, though I cannot chant the full song until all my care here is over, and I am on my way to Kansas, my future home. But the troubles there are of such a nature I cannot go at present. When I take my flight from here, like Noah's dove, I shall find no rest for the sole of my foot. I have no regrets at leaving this place where I have been so long a prisoner; still it is an interesting spot, where I have learned the most useful lessons of my life.

"I must sacrifice much that I hold valuable here, but I really enjoy seeing others benefited by them. I am not disturbed by pecuniary losses, for I fully believe that nearly every loss of one is in some

way promotive of the gain of others. No animal but man preys upon his kind, but he emphatically preys upon his fellow-man. I deeply learned all this when I lay a helpless sufferer, and forcibly saw how my trials proved a blessing to others. A superficial view saddened me, and made me feel that 'God's ways were unequal.' But a closer study, with an acquiescent heart, brought order out of confusion, light out of darkness. Then I could see God every where, working with infinite wisdom and goodness.

"This is a sad fourth of July. The oft booming cannon remind me of Kansas, bleeding, suffering Kansas. Alas! her murdered, mangled sons! When shall this fair land be truly free? How long, O Lord, how long!"

"ELMIRA, N. Y., *July* 21, 1856.

"I am finally in the beloved home of my father after so long an absence. Ought I not to chant a loud '*Te deum?*' Whoever had more occasion to raise an 'Ebenezer?' Surely, 'hitherto hath the Lord helped me,' though in a way I know not, and in a manner I should not have chosen, yet in mercy all. Now I can see the wisdom of much that was

dark and mysterious. Why, then, should we ever sadly question the ways of God?

"I found the home circle here all well, and greatly surprised to see me. Father was quite overcome, and could hardly believe we had met again. I endured the journey as well as could be expected, but feel as if I could sleep all the time. This is truly 'kind Nature's sweet restorer.'

"The future to me is all work now, as we are now unmoored, and can neither cast anchor or steer for port. If the settlers of Kansas were permitted to turn their swords into plough-shares, I should soon (*Deo volunte*) find my way there. But when one is an exile, and knows not but the prison or the gallows await him the next month, how can he strike out his pathway? I long to stand on that disputed soil, and raise high the banner of freedom, that many may flock to it, and stand up for the right."

"My dear Sister:

"This is a working world. Labor was originally given as a punishment for man's sin, but is graciously made a blessing. If ever you are inclined to sink under life's burden, I would say, think what

it would be to lie helpless, dependent on others' care for the supply of every personal want, even to the administering of food and drink; shut away from all mental, social and religious privileges, save silent communion with God, unable even to mingle in your own family circle or sit at your own table, thus to live on for months and years with little prospect of ever being otherwise; then ask yourself if you would exchange a life of toil for this. Aside from the interest and diversion that constant occupation gives, there is quite a sustaining power in the thought that we are doing something for the good of others. It was not all grace that made Nehemiah say, 'Should such a man as I flee? I am doing a great work, and cannot come down to you.' O, it seems such a privilege to be able to work.

"My friend, Mrs. C., said once to Mrs. Dr. Bethune, 'You seem called to suffer rather than to do God's will.' 'Yes,' replied the invalid, (who had then been confined to her bed eleven years,) 'but it is much harder to suffer than to do.' Ah, it is harder for poor human nature to be helpless and useless, to feel itself a burden to friends, with no hope of release, save in the grave, but for God's supporting grace."

"*December* 29, 1856.—Am gaining every month. Can now jaunt about almost as well as a Kansas pioneer. Old friends welcome me cordially, as if I had returned from exile. My head and heart are full of plans for the future, and my hands are full of work. I expect to go to Kansas early in the spring. I desire to deeply feel grateful to my Heavenly Father for His manifold mercies."

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN KANSAS.

" We cross the prairies, as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the west, as they the east,
The homestead of the free!

" We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine.

" We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

" We go to plant our common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of the bells.

"Uprearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man."

EARLY in the spring of 1857 Mrs. Pomeroy arrived in Kansas. The troubles of that suffering territory had subsided, and it was deemed safe for emigrants to proceed without delay to lay the foundations of society there, and provide as rapidly as possible for the wants of a large population. Mrs. Pomeroy entered Kansas with more enthusiasm and perseverance than bodily strength, but it was truly surprising how her health improved as she journeyed from place to place. The early settlers had but few comforts, and travelling in the territory seemed quite impracticable for an invalid. She visited the towns on the Missouri River, and was delighted with every thing.

She writes, first, from

"QUINDARO, *April* 2, 1857.

"Thanks to a kind Providence, the long wished for day has arrived; I am really in Kansas. We arrived here this morning, where I expect to stop for a few days, while S. goes on horseback to Law-

rence. Next week I shall go up the river and visit other places. It will be easier than remaining here, where there is such an imperative demand for labor of all kinds. I cannot avoid offering my services to the utmost extent of my ability. As an illustration, this morning I could have a room to myself by assisting in getting it ready. In the first place, I found the mattress was coming to pieces, so I spent above a hard hour with my needle on that. Then followed other sewing for the landlady, as her servants had not yet arrived from St. Louis. Sweeping, dusting and taking care of the fire have taken the rest of the time. Now I must write letters for S., as he has little time.

"You will wish to know how it looks here. Well, just fancy us landing on the bank of this turbid river, at the foot of a high, densely-wooded bluff. Around us are four hundred men, busy at work, shovelling sand, digging stone, chopping and piling wood, picking up brush, building houses, carrying trunks and all manner of baggage, shouting on all sides, 'Glad to see you;' 'How do you do?' Then take one more look. You will see scattered among the trees and brush some new houses, some bare frames, some partially up, and

some only with the foundations laid. Walk up about thirty rods and enter a hotel four stories high. The first story unfinished, and several men at work in it. The upper stories mostly finished, though workmen are still busy here and there. The walls are first finished with cloth, and then with paper, but they look nicely. Across the street is a smaller hotel still unfinished. Such is Quindaro to-day.

"This P. M., a family with four young children landed here, and wished to get board. As they could not be accommodated, they concluded to put up a tent a few rods from my window. They have covered it with sheets, blankets and quilts; a cooking stove, with its tiny pipe, is smoking in front, and it looks quite comfortable there. Ah! I see one of 'Beecher's Bibles' just going into the tent. * * * I was interrupted by being told that three of the children in the tent had broken out with the measles. So I shall take my box of medicines and go down and offer my *professional* services, if they have no better. If they do not take cold in such a place, it will be owing to the protection of a kind Providence."

"St. Joseph, Mo., *April* 10.

"So far towards sunset, but neither ''way out

west,' nor beyond civilization. This is the largest place I have seen on the Missouri River, with about five thousand inhabitants. I stopped four days at Quindaro, but as I concluded to share my room with the family from Ohio, with four children sick with the measles, S. thought it best to take me farther up the river. There seems to be a treaty of peace concluded between the pro-slavery and the free-State men: so you will hear no more 'rumors of war.' Whatever the Eastern papers may say, or the administration may do, we of the Territory have no fears of Kansas being a slave State. There is an unparalleled emigration hither, mainly from the free States. All the roads in the interior are crowded with travellers, and every cabin is full."

"St. Louis, *June 6th*, 1857.

"I am here for a few days to make arrangements for furnishing my new home in Atchison. Once had I been so delayed by circumstances beyond my control in getting settled, so much hope deferred, it would have made my heart sick; but, thanks to God, I long ago learned that such things must be endured, and I am seldom disheartened now by any disappointment. Sometimes for a few minutes I

forget who stands at the helm, then comes anxiety brooding over me; but when the comforter comes, all such evil spirits flee away. How strange that Christians do not always remember the high privilege of their birth-right.

"'Tis enough that Thou will care,
Why should I the burden bear?"

"QUINDARO, *June* 15, 1857.

"We left St. Louis on Thursday, A. M., in order to be here before the Sabbath. Had a very pleasant trip, a large number of very agreeable passengers being on board the boat. Some Southern ladies that I meet I like very much. This place has improved greatly since I was here. One stone dwelling-house has been erected and finished, and many wood buildings. Two small stone churches are in progress of erection—Congregational and Methodist. The ladies held a meeting yesterday, and circulated a petition to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks, and last evening there was a public meeting on the subject. Early this morning the bottles and barrels in a shanty near by were emptied on the ground. I rejoice at such good beginnings.

"If any of our Eastern friends are afraid they shall starve if they come to Kansas, they may read

over the bill of fare which I copied from the table yesterday at dinner: Oyster soup, roast lamb and pork, boiled ham, chicken pie, oyster pie, potatoes, tomatoes, pickles, horse-radish, boiled rice, plum pudding, blackberry and plum pies, oranges, prunes, almonds, etc. Some gentlemen from New-York city and Cincinnati, who have recently been here, expressed great astonishment at the table and fare, and wonder how so many luxuries can be obtained in Kansas."

"TOPEKA, *July* 15.

"Hurrah! hurrah! I am now fairly in the Territory. On Thursday last S. and myself, with other travellers, mounted a large emigrant wagon for an inland trip. We took our first dinner in our wagon in great glee, a 'right smart shower' coming just in time to wash the dishes. The first night I passed in a small log cabin with a German family—three men, two women and ten children—and nearly as many dogs. The rest of our company slept outside on the ground or in the wagon. Though there was no window, and the door was closed, the cabin was well ventilated. One of the women kindly gave me one-fourth of her bed, which I thankfully accepted,

though under it were three puppies, that barked every time the calves stirred that were tied to the logs outside the house, but behind the bed. We were all early risers next morning, and breakfasted at a hotel called Grasshopper Falls; dinner in our wagon; and for supper, obtained a teapot of tea and a plate of poor doughnuts from a Pottowattamie Indian. The next night we stopped at a vacant log-house, in which all slept but S. and myself; we stayed in our wagon, and found it quite comfortable. I fully believe I could make a good night's rest on the grass in this charming climate and feel refreshed. The next morning we breakfasted at Indianola, and at dinner were here. Thermometer is at 110°. I never breathed such heated air before. There is a nominating Convention here for the August election. When it is over we shall start for home *via* Lawrence and Quindaro."

"QUINDARO, *July* 26.

"We left Topeka last Thursday, and came as far as Washington. Just as we were retiring for the night, there came eighteen to supper in the next room. They exemplified the song they sang,

'For to-night we'll be merry,
And to-morrow sober be.'

But this disturbance was nothing to the bed-bugs. I laugh sometimes when I think I am travelling for my health; but I must acknowledge I am growing stronger, and such an appetite! Never mind the inconveniences of a new country; if they bring health to me they are welcome.

"We spent two days in Lawrence. I was enraptured with the beauty of its location, and surprised to find so much that is refined and attractive in the people. I supposed I came to Kansas too late for a scene, but I find I am in time for a farce, if not for a tragedy. The citizens of Lawrence have organized a municipal government without asking the consent of the legislature; so an army four hundred strong has made its appearance in town. Last night there was a large meeting of citizens in front of the hotel where I stopped, and I sat in the parlor where I could hear most of the speeches. It was an enthusiastic crowd, and the speaking was excellent. The good people of Lawrence were advised to keep about their usual business, and not even look at the soldiers as they appeared in the streets. At the close, they unanimously resolved, that 'this act of Gov. W.'s was illegal, unconstitutional and infamous, and should be met only with silent contempt.'

The citizens of this place, Wyandotte and Topeka, have taken initiatory steps for the same municipal organization as Lawrence; so the poor Governor will have his hands full.

"I find I must be accustomed to losses and disappointments as well as other first settlers. A very heavy trunk, containing my cutlery and silver, has been stolen, I suppose, from the levee, where it was waiting for the boat, and my boxes of beds and bedding were sunk in the Missouri River on 'The Star of the West.' I must now set my wits to work to know how to get along without them. I cannot purchase such articles here, and shall be obliged to wait till I can send to St. Louis. My old homestead treasures are now almost all gone. I must begin anew in my new home."

"ATCHISON, *September* 2, 1857.

"I have been here for some weeks, trying to make a place to call home. As our house contains neither kitchen nor dining-room, we take our meals at a hotel near by. Ladies from the East often stop with me for weeks, while their husbands visit other parts of the Territory, or 'the regions beyond.' It is now sickly in the low lands, and some Eastern

men, who have chills and fever, come here for medical aid and nursing. I have been taking care of some such cases for two weeks past. I have been obliged to have a cooking-stove put up in a shanty, so I could prepare their food, as it is so pleasant to eat one's own cooking. Mrs. Dr. W., of Boston, and myself, take our meals at home about one-half of the time, though paying five dollars a week at the hotel. I like Mrs. W. very much; she is a great help to me, and is one of those good, sensible women, with whom one feels no restraint.

"My Eastern friends would hardly believe it possible to accommodate so much company as I have, even in their large houses, so abundantly furnished. But the words, 'can't accommodate,' are not in our vocabulary. In Kansas, we fully believe, 'where there is a will there is a way,' and we really enjoy taxing our ingenuity, and devising ways and means to make every body comfortable. We have no silver plate yet; so when one of us has used 'the spoon' to put sugar in his tea, he passes it to the next, and so we get along finely. Then I have an excellent neighbor who fully sympathizes with my inconveniences, and lends me every thing she can, except the baby. I think it would be trying her good

nature too far to ask for that. I think I must go to housekeeping in earnest, in order to be comfortable. The town is filling up so fast it is impossible to get board, and quite as difficult to obtain help in the kitchen. Mrs. K. has the offer of a girl at "twenty-five dollars a month and her clothing!" which seems rather of an indefinite sum. But with all the difficulties that housekeepers meet with here, and all the labor they are obliged to perform in order to live, they enjoy much better health than at the East. Even one who was supposed to have the consumption in Boston has gained rapidly here. But any one who is not disposed to make the best of every thing, had better stay away from Kansas for the present. My friends need not be surprised if they do not hear from me often, for I may be called to fill the combined office of cook, nurse, 'maid-of-all-work' and editor."

"We miss our religious privileges more than any other. We shall have no church built here this season; but we shall open our own door for meetings and Sabbath school. Rev. Mr. Byrd is a most faithful laborer. He has Sabbath school at nine in the morning, a Bible class at ten, and preaches at eleven every alternate Sabbath. Sometimes I am

able to stay through all the services, which I consider a great privilege."

"ATCHISON, *September* 21, 1857.

"Have been quite busy for some weeks past with a family of eight to look after, having no help but dear Mrs. W. Those on my sick list have all recovered and gone but one, and I hope to leave for a flying trip to Boston in about two weeks. While I am gone, hope to have some new rooms added to our house, and shall then be able to make our friends quite comfortable. Men of energy, benevolence and capital are settling here; and when our rail-road is completed we shall feel quite near our Eastern friends. A merchant, formerly from Seneca Falls, N. Y., has just arrived with his wife and three children, and will stop with us till their goods come on. I am glad to know that the daughter is bringing her piano. Such things make us feel more at home."

"ATCHISON, *December* 16, 1857.

"Thanks to a kind Providence we are once more in our dear Kansas home. We made short stops in St. Louis, New-York, Boston, visited my dear father

and some other dear friends, and returned quite refreshed. Brought with me an Eastern girl to assist me in domestic work, so I may have more leisure. Brother W. has been very sick, but God has been gracious in sparing his life. Of course my new rooms are not ready, but they will be, I trust, ere long."

"ATCHISON, *March* 9, 1858.

"It would be strange indeed if this financial trouble in our country left us unscathed. Many here have sustained heavy losses, and we have had our share, but our Heavenly Father has thus far guided our little bark away from the breakers.

"My health is now as good as it ever was. I can endure as much riding and jaunting about, but not as much indoor labor. I feel deeply the necessity of being much in the open air, and shall improve every opportunity to travel over this beautiful country. A new church is to be built here soon, all denominations uniting. A Baptist minister has been stopping with us a few weeks. We are also giving a poor Russian his board."

"ST. LOUIS, *May* 17, 1858.

"I have been sent here for a few days to rest. I

have not taken good care of myself, and so nature requires more quiet than I can find at home. What a 'sweet restorer' is sleep. I once considered time spent in sleep as lost, and was often disposed to filch from it; but those long, sad years, when it so often refused to come at my bidding, taught me a wiser course. Had I but a few hours to live, I would still pray for some sleep. And what sleep is to the body, death may be to the spirit."

"ATCHISON, *August* 9, 1858.

"I have just returned from a trip of ten days to Topeka, Lawrence, etc. Brother L. was with me. It was his first visit so far into the Territory. We enjoyed much. I returned in good health and ready for work again. I have a large family now, and one young lady very sick."

"*September* 28.—I have been to St. Joseph's by land, with dear Eastern friends, and had a fine time. I met some Kansas men that I have not had an opportunity of seeing before—D. Atchison, Governor Stewart and some others. Atchison is a jolly bachelor of fifty-five or sixty years of age. I heard him give some advice to a set of young lawyers,

who were in our company, that amused me not a little. A part of it I will report: 'You cannot succeed in your profession without industry and honesty. A man of genius is a humbug. Like a comet, one will flare up once in a great while, then go out. I have been acquainted with all classes of men. Not half a dozen are living who have occupied as many high positions as I have, and I have found there is most integrity of character in the lower classes.'"

"ATCHISON, *January* 27, 1859.

"I have been trying to make myself useful this winter, though I fear I have accomplished but little. I have long felt the need of greater literary advantages for myself and others, so I have been instrumental in getting up a course of free lectures, and I think we already feel their elevating influence. I have also raised a subscription for Mr. Byrd, and secured for him a town lot, besides a small purse for Mrs. B.

"*July* 5, 1859.—Yesterday we had a Sabbath school pic-nic. There are now five schools in town. The day was beautiful, and every thing passed off

pleasantly. Some of the speeches were excellent. We have several guests at our house.

"How strange it seems, yet it is a fact, a pretty face and form are more highly valued by the world in general than intellectual attainments and real worth. So, too, of some light accomplishments and graceful manners. Still there are a few noble souls who see beneath the surface, and respect, if they do not admire."

"ATCHISON, *October* 26, 1859.

"We have recently had a charming trip with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Boston. He was one of the founders of the Emigration Aid Company. We visited Grasshopper Falls and Topeka, where was the Republican Nominating Convention. We expected a stormy convention, but it passed off quite pleasantly. I rejoice, however, that a politician's anxieties and responsibilities are not on my shoulders. We visited Manhattan, spent one night at St. Mary's Mission among the Indians, and returned to Lawrence to spend the Sabbath. On our return home we visited Pratt's Mission among the Delawares, dined at Leavenworth, and reached here in the evening. I enjoyed the journey exceedingly,

but particularly the society of Mr. and Mrs. W. They will ever be very dear to me."

"*December* 12, 1859.—Our Thanksgiving was the same as in the States. I dined with my brothers M. and L. and dear Lizzie. But one week after I had twenty at our table for a 'make believe' Thanksgiving dinner, which I had the pleasure of preparing all with my own hands, (my girl being sick;) I really had the vanity to believe it was a nice dinner. The next day I had eight besides our family to tea, and girl sick yet. Among our guests was Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. We are much pleased with him. His speech gave universal satisfaction here. He is so clear and logical, and so fair to his opponents."

"ATCHISON, *February* 22*d*, 1860.

"We are really a live town, with telegraph and cars. Yesterday, at twenty minutes before one o'clock, P. M., standing at the door of my own room, I saw the cars arrive at Winthrop for the first time. Old fogies and croakers are at last obliged to give up. We shall now hear no more of our railroad being 'all humbug,' 'cars never will run on

it.' I have never seen a year yet when evil prophets did not foretell great failures in every thing. No new plan or improvement meets their approbation. I fully believe many of our losses come upon us as judgments of our fearfulness and unbelief. A thankful acceptance of what God bestows, and a cheerful trust of the future to him, is most acceptable. When we undertake to carry our burdens ourselves they are too heavy for us. But when we roll them upon an Almighty arm we find our share light. I know this to be true."

"ATCHISON, *February* 4, 1860.

"DEAR R.:

"I do not suppose you need my essays, but since my dear mother's death I have poured my thoughts into your willing ear without reserve.

"Your position brings you principally in contact with 'the believer;' mine with scepticism in some of its varied forms. Spiritualism, perfected humanity, (all too perfect to need the ordinary means of grace,) universalism and bold infidelity, cross my path and seek to leave their trail. 'Glorious light,' they call it, but to me it seems the blackness of darkness. I never breathe freely in an atmosphere where human

nature is deified, and God is made only the physical ruler of the universe.

"One tells me we are 'sparks of deity,' to be resolved eventually into him again. Another, that we are 'parts of one stupendous whole,' 'God is the soul in all.' Said one to me, 'I was brought up in an orthodox way; in childhood feared God; now I respect Him as too good a being to punish His children for their little failings here.' 'Do you respect Him enough to obey Him?' I asked. He was silent.

"In the unsuspecting credulity of my youth, I believed in man's goodness and honesty. Now, if any one tells me he is brave, kind, virtuous, temperate, etc., I conclude he is the reverse. Contact with the world has taught me that the loudest professions are only a mask to cover the real character. Neither zeal for God, nor love for man, prompts all self-sacrificing efforts. But if this contact with real life has crushed the sweet rose of youthful confidence in my breast, from its withered leaves there has come up a purer odor—charity and forbearance. Confidence in human nature makes us recoil with horror at the wrong-doer; consciousness of its weakness makes us pitiful and lenient."

"ATCHISON, *September*, 1860.

"The great question oppresses me, 'what are the people of Kansas to eat the coming year?' The unprecedented drouth has made this fruitful land a desert, and the crops are all a failure. God only knows what is to become of us. But He who sent manna to the Israelites, can supply us with food."

The testimony of others in relation to Mrs. Pomeroy's usefulness in Kansas, is abundant, but only a few extracts can be inserted here. Her faithful and beloved pastor, Rev. J. H. Byrd, writes as follows:

"I think it may be truly said of Mrs. Pomeroy, that she lived to do good. It was this aspect of her character that impressed those who knew her most forcibly. One of my earliest remembrances of her affords an illustration of this fact. In the spring of 1857 I met her a few miles from town, in search of a family of sick strangers, who occupied a frail cabin on the open prairie. She found them, and administered to their wants. She was more interested in the religious interests of the community than in the temporal prosperity of those around her. The early settlers of the town of Atchison made no provision

for a house of public worship. But, like another servant of God, she thought, that when she had a dwelling, the Lord should have a tabernacle, and she opened her own house for Sabbath services, Sabbath school and prayer meetings. She took charge of a class of colored persons. Living in sight of Missouri, and among a people, many of whom despised the colored race, it was no popular task to take these ignorant people into her house and teach them the word of God. As might be expected, she was deeply interested in the establishment of a church of her fathers in the place where she lived; but she always manifested a catholic spirit, and was ready to receive with generous hospitality all who bore the name of our common Lord; and her efforts and self-denial in the erection of a church edifice in Atchison, are well known to those who were acquainted with her daily life. A poor young minister, without friends, on his way East, 'was sick, and she ministered to him; was a stranger, and she took him in,' nursing him as tenderly as if he had been her brother. And such was her kindness and womanly tact, that the young man scarcely perceived he was an object of charity. But that was her way.

"Her piety was of the genial, hopeful kind. She

seemed to realize that God was her Father. In sickness and in health, she maintained the cheerful and trustful spirit of a child."

Dr. E. H. Grant writes: "I feel myself utterly unable to present justly the character and actions of Mrs. Pomeroy. I sat at her feet as a scholar and humble friend. I can only say, that I believe her example and precepts, being in accordance with those of our Saviour, have been a more indubitable and overwhelming evidence to my mind of the truth and strength of the Christian religion, than all the books and instruction that I ever received in any other way. Truly, it may be said, as of Mary, 'She hath done what she could.'"

Another, who witnessed her daily life for years, and who was very dear to her, says:

"The first winter I was in her family I was amazed at the amount of work she accomplished while in such poor health. She was not able to sit up more than two hours at a time. She would invite company, go into the kitchen fifteen minutes at a time to make preparations, then return to the

sofa, cover her face from all sights and sounds, rest awhile, then go to the kitchen again and again, till the work was done. She was seldom without one or more persons not belonging to her family, who must have a place at her table. Her 'domestic' learned to lay an extra plate or two. Often have I known her entertain strangers for weeks, who had no claim upon her whatever, except that of humanity."

The testimony of Mrs. C. J. H. Nichols "to the memory of Mrs. Pomeroy," who is widely known as a writer and faithful laborer in the cause of humanity, is written with great beauty. We have space for only a few extracts:

"No brief and hasty tribute from the friends who knew her best, and loved her most, can do justice to the strength, purity and practical benevolence of her character. It was true of her, that she 'did with her might what her hand found to do.' Much was certainly due to the opportunities of her position; but to me it seemed more the qualities of her womanly heart that found so much and so varied work in the cause of humanity.

"Rarely do we find combined the persistency, the efficiency, and denial of self with which she ministered purely human needs. And few are they who have left so bright a record of faithful and judicious friendship, who have developed the quick sympathy, keen sense of justice, and high moral courage, which made her an impartial critic, and the advocate of those who could not defend themselves.

"The opportunity comes not to many men in a generation to impress themselves on the grateful memory of a whole people; to woman, fewer still. Our friend was one of the royal few whom opportunity crowned, and found worthy of the sacred trust.

"Her influence was largely felt in aid of religious and educational efforts.

"She cheered the despondent, assured the doubtful, and comforted the unfortunate. Her field of usefulness continued to widen and extend as the good Providence of God and human needs met in her faithful hands."

CHAPTER IX.

YEAR OF FAMINE.

"He called for a famine in the land:
He brake the whole staff of bread."

(FROM THE PEN OF MRS. NICHOLS.)

"THE year 1860 was remarkable in Kansas history. The rains of heaven were withheld, and the fields yielded no increase. Early in September it became apparent that nothing short of abundant supplies from the benevolence of the free States could save Kansas from depopulation, by migration on the one hand, or starvation on the other. Long trains of settlers, accompanied by their farm stock, blocked the travelled routes, seeking permanent or temporary homes and subsistence in adjoining States. Individuals and families freighted the great thoroughfares to throw themselves on the kindness of friends in some distant localities, or to

labor where there was "bread enough and to spare." All over Kansas were vacant homes, telling of an invader more terrible than "border ruffians," backed by a semi-traitorous administration. To those who could not retreat, the heavens prophesied a winter of despair, sickness and starvation. It was at this crisis of affairs that meetings of the people were called, and a 'general relief agency' formed, to which Mr. Pomeroy was unanimously elected, with full power to solicit, receive and disburse contributions, to meet the general destitution. The choice was a happy one. Mr. Pomeroy's experience as agent of emigration obviated all delay, and he was able at once to collect and put the requisite agencies in working order. Such was the magnitude of the suffering eventually revealed and ministered to, through this organization, that to the latest period of our history it will excite wonder and gratitude, that so great a calamity as would have been the depopulation of Kansas was averted. In reviewing briefly the agencies employed by Mr. Pomeroy, we detract nothing from the merit of his great services in giving his noble wife the credit of having been equal to the position she held as his ever-present helper in the good work. The agency doubt-

less owed its singular efficiency to the admirable fitness of the 'united head.' If either of the parties had been wanting in this emergency, it is more than probable that much of the comfort which clung as a sweet aroma to the distributed gifts on the one hand, and the substantial encouragement which accompanied the means of future harvests on the other, would have been lacking to the completeness of this great benevolence. But the facts of Mrs. Pomeroy's life, on which our estimate of her capability and her worth is based, would be too voluminous for a brief memorial, and not easily gathered, since, with characteristic reticence, she put most of her correspondence and written thoughts beyond the reach of a biographer."

Early in the autumn she gave up housekeeping, preparatory to spending the coming winter with Eastern friends. A few extracts of the many letters she wrote this fearful year will be given, as the best evidences of her sympathies and labors.

"ATCHISON, *October* 6, 1860.

"DEAR R.:

"You will see I wrote you I was coming, only to disappoint you. But I am equally disappointed

myself. Our plans are all frustrated. The great destitution here makes it imperative for those who can, to remain for the relief of the settlers in the inland towns, and we do not feel that we can leave when there is so much to be done. We have constant calls for labor or relief from the suffering in the Territory, who come here so utterly destitute, that we are obliged to supply their immediate wants. It is a great drain upon the purse, doubly felt just now, because we are pushing the church toward completion. We are trying to make our own expenses as small as possible, on account of these public wants. We are just beginning to receive supplies from Illinois, and we hope for more. Could you see the statistics of destitution that come in for relief, your heart would sink, as mine does."

"ATCHISON, *November* 13, 1860.

"Yours of the 8th was received this morning. Thanks for the money. No doubt it will make some hearts glad and some bodies more comfortable through the coming winter. All day I have felt sorry it did not arrive an hour earlier, that I might have given it to two women from Boiling Springs, whom I was obliged to send away without any

clothing, though to-morrow I may have just as pressing applications. There are many here daily telling the most pitiful stories of want and woe. How can we send them away empty? A man from Greenwood County says, 'the people endure this destitution wonderfully, patient and hopeful, with very little complaining. Every one who has food, lends to his neighbor, till he has no more to lend.' We are hoping for a mild winter, but God only knows. S. is at Lawrence attending a Territorial Relief Convention, and I am keeping office, but boarding with my good brother. He and Lizzie are doing all they can in the great work."

"ATCHISON, *December* 3, 1860.

"Many thanks for money received in your last. It will help in the great work. More and more do I feel the magnitude of what we have undertaken. All the while S. is borne down with it. Many have moved into town, hoping to get work, and the people all seem willing to help. There are now fifty teams camped here, waiting for some corn or wheat to arrive before they can return to their suffering friends. We now see the benefit of a rail-road to Atchison. God foresaw our necessities, and pre-

pared for them. I know of no way by which our wants could have been met if this road had not been finished. Now it will save Kansas from utter depopulation."

"ATCHISON, *January* 1, 1861.

"And this, too, is the commencement of my correspondence for 1861. My first penned thoughts! They should be pure and elevating; but I have no time for polished periods, nor heart for any thing but what I can do to relieve suffering. The clouds over us are growing darker. I see no light but the good providence of God, that allows not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice.

"But I hasten to tell you that the box of clothing and money have arrived, and Col. W., who has charge of the Clothing Department, says it is a good box, which you ladies may consider a high compliment to their liberality, for he is not much in favor of second-hand clothing. No one can distribute more judiciously, as he is thoroughly acquainted with the whole Territory. S. is so constantly occupied and burdened with the responsibility of his position, that he has little time or thought for any thing else. He labors hard all day, and late into every night."

"ATCHISON, *February* 5, 1861.

"The needs of our people increase, and must continue to do so, until we have a harvest. Every day names are added to the list of public beneficiaries. Last week our own township was canvassed, and one hundred and ninety persons found destitute. The supplies have come in so abundantly, we are not now obliged to send any away unrelieved. Some gentlemen from the East are here, and are surprised and delighted with the manner of distribution—so systematic and impartial.

"I rejoice to be able to tell you that we have finished our place of public worship, and blessed be the name of our God. 'Hitherto has the Lord helped us.' Perhaps this temporal famine will produce a spiritual harvest. Our church is small, and despised for its sympathy with the colored race. We are looking for a new minister, but we shall not accept of one who will shun to declare the whole counsel of God against our sins or others."

The testimony of one who witnessed Mrs. Pomeroy's daily labors at this time, is as follows:

"At first she did but little for the sufferers but

to sympathize and privately relieve a few. But as the work increased, she gradually gave up every thing else, until she even hired her own sewing done. It seemed to her, as well as to others, that fearful winter, very remarkable that her health was such as to allow such increased labor. As the work grew, her strength seemed to increase, until she was able to devote all her time, from breakfast often till ten at night, to constant labor. The regular business, which at last settled upon her, was charge of the correspondence. From thirty to one hundred letters arrived daily. These she opened, laid aside the money contained, glanced rapidly over the contents, and labelled each letter with the name of the clerk to whose department it referred, viz.: 'The Clerk in charge of Freight,' 'Clothing Clerk,' 'Seed Clerk,' etc. To the more general correspondence, in which three or four clerks were often employed, she devoted all the rest of her time, and very few letters had to be referred to the General Agent. Probably the immense amount of work she accomplished wore not so heavily on her health and spirits, as the daily sight of ragged, starving, and often half-frozen men, women and children, too, who thronged our streets. She listened to their sad

stories with her usual sympathy and undisturbed patience, then gave them orders to some Relief Department, according to their need. The heart-rending details of suffering to which she was obliged to listen, were enough to depress to earth a spirit less hopeful than hers; but she wasted no time in unavailing sorrow. She had many small sums of money committed to her care by Eastern friends, to apply to particular cases. To these friends she wrote long and particular accounts of the distress their contributions relieved.

"The thought of feeding and clothing, through a long winter, 30,000 people, was, no doubt, of God. Those who undertook the work, without money, credit or resources, had no motive but love for Kansas, for country and mankind. Faith in their father's God, who had carried them through the struggle for freedom, nerved them for the hour. An earnest appeal to the Eastern States was answered by a generous and ready response. Every train came ladened with blessings that caused 'songs in the night.' Four long months passed, and there was hope that the greatest darkness was over.

"The sufferings from famine of the people of Kansas ended with that fearful winter; and the

golden harvests of each succeeding year have been gathered in rich abundance.

"The wealth, the prosperity, the increased population of Kansas as a free State in the Union, with 15,000 brave volunteers engaged in the national defence, show us that nations, as well as individuals, through much tribulation, must enter into rest."

CHAPTER X.

AT THE WATER CURE.

"Where the world-weary soul for awhile may fold its tired wings,
Until after short, sufficient slumber, it is quickened into greater energy."

At the close of the labors of the spring of 1861, the health of Mrs. Pomeroy seemed to be failing, and a change of climate and scene was earnestly advised. The political excitement which followed that dark winter, connected with the election of United States Senators for the first time in that new State, she looked upon with her usual calmness, though she knew it might deeply affect her future life. She writes: "I am not conscious of much interest in the all-absorbing subject here, who shall be our Senators, and I know I feel no excitement. I shall calmly accept the result as from God. He knows what is best for Kansas and for me. There I rest. My Father's will is my will, and whether it

is in the capital of the nation or in my Kansas home my days are spent, I have but one desire, to live for the good of others. I wonder how people live who have no God."

The election being made, early in April she left Kansas, in company with her husband, for Washington. A severe cough and hoarseness troubled her through the journey, and she arrived in Washington an invalid. She soon rallied under medical treatment, and found so much to excite and interest her in the startling events transpiring in our country, that she forgot her own feebleness. The fall of Fort Sumter and the call "to arms," the doubtful safety of Washington and impending war followed in quick succession, and startled the whole North. Mrs. Pomeroy left Washington partly for safety, but more for the benefit of her health, and after visiting among friends for a few weeks, she felt obliged to seek for rest and medical treatment at the Water Cure, Geneva, N. Y. She found it a delightful retreat, a cool, calm spot, where the weary one could rest.

The summers of 1861 and 1862 were mostly spent in this delightful home. Her physician, Dr. Smith,

took a deep interest in her case, and inspired her respect and confidence. She gradually improved, and looked forward to years of usefulness in the metropolis of our country.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"*Geneva Water Cure.*

"Here I am in this pleasant home, and I already begin to feel its spiritualizing influences. To many invalids has this been 'the house of God and the gate of heaven.' Who can calculate the influence of such an establishment? While many are strengthened and fitted to discharge properly the duties of life and go forth invigorated, others are elevated into that world of purity and peace, where there is neither sorrow nor pain. I believe Dr. Smith tries faithfully to fit his patients both for life and death."

Again:

"I find my health rapidly improving, and like the treatment very much. O, it is so much more pleasant to be here an invalid than to be still and suffer.

"'If ye will ye may do good.' Such a disposition I most need, that I may improve every opportunity to benefit others, for I have an influence even here. I wish to be so imbued with the spirit of Christ, that his image may be reflected from my daily life. A cheerful, hopeful spirit is like sunlight in a darkened room to the invalid. There are many here who need my cheering influence.

"How much we always have to be grateful for, and how much to call out our sympathies for others. 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,' I believe is true in all the relations of life. God does rule in this world, whether we see and acknowledge it or not.

"Again and again have I been thanked, since I have been here, by those who were leaving, for the great good I had done them. Sometimes it has been by a labored effort, and then again by an unconscious influence. A mental and moral atmosphere is constantly emanating from us, that influences more or less all it surrounds. So we should keep our hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life or death, to others as well as ourselves."

A lady friend, who was a patient there at the same time with Mrs. Pomeroy, gives a pleasing testimonial in the following words:

"During the few months I spent with Mrs. Pomeroy at the Geneva Water Cure, I became strongly attached to her. Cheerful herself, she inspired cheerfulness in others. She sympathized with those who were suffering more than she could have done, had she not suffered so long herself. Not one of the inmates of the cure seemed to be unnoticed by her. Now, she found a passage in her reading that would interest one patient, and she took it to her forthwith. If one was absent from the table, she must see if she was worse. Others could not leave their rooms, but she made their acquaintance and tried to do them good. If any seemed neglected and lonely, she went to them, and by cheerful conversation would seek to drive the gloom from their minds, and leave them happier than she found them. She was kind to the servants, and thoughtful of their comfort. Her correspondence was so large as to be almost burdensome, but she seemed to neglect no one. Her greatest anxiety was for dear friends, that they might be guided by wisdom from on high. Some

of them were in imminent danger, but she was perfectly calm about them so long as she thought they were walking trustfully in the path of duty. Though if they seemed in any degree vulnerable to temptations, her only resource was to prayer. Few of her dear friends realized what a panoply of prayers surrounded them, though they felt the invisible influence.

"In my own case I rejoice to say she did me immeasurable good, and I shall ever have reason for gratitude that I was permitted so long to enjoy the elevating effects of her society. Having been so long an invalid herself, she could fully sympathize in the despondency consequent upon long-continued weakness, and knew what sources of enjoyment to offer. At one time she suspected I wanted faith to trust my dear friends in danger in the hands of God. She very quietly opened the 'Independent' and read a portion of one of the sermons to me. The subject was, 'Trust in God.' It said in effect, 'Our Saviour cares infinitely more for our friends than we can. He can easily avert from them any trial that is not needed for their life's discipline, and we can trust their welfare and happiness as fully and freely in his hands as we can our own.' As I was

very feeble, she would read no more, and took the paper away with her, lest I should be tempted to read myself. But the medicine was effectual. A new train of thought was awakened, and I never felt so much distrust again. By such little acts of disinterested kindness and ready sympathy, she won the regard of all who came under her influence."

Her physician remarked of her:

"She is really one of the most precious women and friends I ever knew, and while I live I shall be thankful that the good providence of God sent her here. I never knew a more complete Christian character. That our Heavenly Father will preserve her health for many years, is my earnest prayer."

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

"Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest to others. Let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven."

It was at the session of the thirty-seventh Congress that Mrs. Pomeroy went to Washington to find there a home. Her feelings in this great change in her life are not fully known, but she seemed ready to go, and rejoiced that she should have a wider field of labor, and more extensive influence. She studied the etiquette and customs of the capital of our country; made herself acquainted with the history of leading men and the principles and movements of political parties; pursued as she had leisure the Latin and French languages, and made herself familiar with the works of modern writers, as a preparation for the new duties before her. She took large views of life, its responsibilities, its sources of

improvement and means of usefulness, and desired greatly that her influence at all times should be salutary and redeeming. Only a few brief extracts from her numerous letters will be given, as they are generally so connected with persons now living and acting in Washington, that we refrain. Still her criticisms were dictated by kindness, but were often very shrewd and always truthful.

"WASHINGTON, *December* 31, 1861.

"My time is now mainly occupied in receiving calls, or entertaining those who are waiting on business with Mr. Pomeroy.

"If you wish to see all the persons you ever knew or heard of, come to Washington in an official capacity, and you will be sure of it. My health is now quite good; can sit up all day, and until eleven or twelve in the evening, without inconvenience. I take a long walk every day for exercise, and to make myself familiar with this strangely planned city. The private residences, stores, etc., are usually inferior to those in other cities, but the Government buildings are truly magnificent and beautiful. They are of the Grecian order of architecture, except the Smithsonian Institute, which is Gothic. The inte-

rior of the Capitol exceeds all my former ideas of elegance, brilliance and superb beauty. The marble staircases and floors, the paintings and statuary, are all on a grand scale; and I love to linger as I walk and admire the beautiful and chaste works of art, think of the minds that planned and executed all with so much skill and perseverance, and adore the Infinite Wisdom that hath given such power unto men."

"WASHINGTON, *January* 3, 1862.

"I find it very difficult to command time enough to write or read much. Probably I read less Congressional proceedings than if I was elsewhere. Sometimes for weeks, not fifteen minutes at a time, between breakfast and eleven o'clock at night, are we free from calls of some kind.

"When I am in the Senate or House I do not hear one-half that is said. If they are transacting business, they seem to speak for themselves, and not for the galleries. The House is often noisy, the speakers showing more earnestness than patience; but the Senate is quiet; each one seems to have perfect self-possession and great politeness. In the Rotunda it is pleasant to linger, for I am often a

little weary. There are sixty steps to ascend to reach it, and one hundred and fifty to the gallery of either house. So I often rest awhile in this beautiful spot to look at the paintings and statuary. In 'The Landing of the Pilgrims' is Rose Standish, with one of those beautiful, expressive faces, with large, soul-lit eyes, which all love to see. 'The Baptism of Pocahontas' is also very fine, and I linger long before it. Others of equal beauty and merit demand my attention, till I weary there, and come again next day, ready for another feast."

"WASHINGTON, *January* 25.

"I do not get along in my new life very rapidly. If I should keep up with others, I should attend President Lincoln's levees on Tuesday evenings; Wednesday, receptions of the wives of Cabinet officers; Thursday, at Speaker Grow's, or at some other regular reception. Some days I must spend making calls, and every day when at home be ready to receive calls. To-day I went with Senator and Mrs. Harlan to Mrs. Lincoln's reception. We waited, with many others, for some time in the 'East Room,' then the doors were opened, and we were ushered into the 'Blue Room,' where she stood

to receive us. She was richly dressed in silk—black, with large, purple and green figures; head-dress of purple velvet and artificial flowers, with purple ribbon streamers. We were formally introduced, shook hands, 'happy to see her,' then stepped aside for others to be presented. We remained about twenty minutes, shook hands again, 'hoped to see her longer at some other time,' and came away."

"*February* 12.—I have been occupied of late with the sickness and death of little Jessie Harlan. She was sick but four days with gastric fever. A beautiful, precocious child of only five and a half years, greatly beloved. It is a severe affliction.

"I would love to write you of the condition of our country, describe some visits to camps and hospitals, but I should wish to write a large volume. When I come to you I shall have much to say."

"*March* 19.—You have heard of the death of little Willie Lincoln. He was very sick from the first, and delirious most of the time. His father or mother were one of them with him night and day. One who was well acquainted with him, tells me that he was all that a piously educated Sabbath

school boy should be. The parents are deeply afflicted, and have the sympathy of all."

"*April* 15, 1862.—It is quite warm here now, and nature has on her robes of green. A little more than one year ago we arrived in this city from Kansas, the day Fort Sumter was taken. What an eventful year! How much has been crowded into it of fear, anxiety, excitement and suspense. A nation's life or death struggle! Only a firm belief in God's over-ruling providence can reconcile us to a contemplation of our armies and their management. 'The mills of the gods grind slow, but exceeding small.' I firmly believe that the sword will not be returned to its scabbard till slavery is forever swept from our land."

"*April* 25.—I am convinced that President Jackson did immense, inconceivable injury to our country by introducing a change of officers with the incoming administration. It corrupts and demoralizes the whole body politic. Some tell me that 'the longer men remain in office the more corrupt they become;' but I maintain that this scrambling for office is terribly demoralizing. When men are not

appointed to office as a political reward, or through political chicanery, and there is no expectation of any change, (except, of course, in President and Cabinet,) save for malfeasance or incompetency, then there would be no inducement for this everlasting corrupt wire-pulling. Besides, the feeling that they shall be in office only under one administration, tempts them to strive to make it pecuniarily as profitable as possible, that they may have something to retire upon. If it were not for this hungry swarm of office-seekers, the President, Cabinet, Senators and Representatives could devote all their time and energies to their legitimate duties. Now they have no time to consult authorities, or for study of any kind.

"These are but a woman's views, so you may value them accordingly."

Mrs. Pomeroy's position in Washington gave her a better opportunity than she had ever had before to carry out a resolution made on a sick bed while in her New-England home. "I have been reflecting," she said, "while lying helpless here, on the influence a Christian woman may exert on society in general, and I believe there is no better or more hopeful sphere of

usefulness than that of trying to stimulate young men to a pure and noble life. If I am ever permitted to mingle actively again in society, it shall be one of my earnest endeavors to encourage, in every possible way, young men over whom I may have any influence, to seek a higher standard of social, mental and moral attainments." How fully she carried out this noble resolution will never be known on earth; but many are the young men who are ready to testify to her faithfulness, her sympathy, kindness and substantial help, when it was in her power. For instance, one young man, an Irishman by birth, of some intelligence and education, was waiting in her parlor one evening, and she took special pains to interest him in important subjects. Delighted with her refined and elevating conversation he left her, feeling that he had found a friend who cared for his highest interests. Two days after she was surprised to receive a large package, with a neatly written letter from Michael O'Brien, her Irish friend, expressing sincere gratitude and profound respect. On opening the package, she was still more surprised to find it contained two silver napkin rings, a beautiful cake basket and six spoons. Many other testimonials of the success of her efforts

to do good to young men were received, but she looked not for reward.

During her residence in Washington she forgot not those she left behind, in the stricken State of her adoption, but by words of sympathy and many, very many deeds of kindness, did she still bear them in mind and cheer their path. Only once did she visit again her Kansas home. It was in the autumn of 1862, and she stopped but for a short time. Immediately she commenced house-keeping, so as to do a great amount of work in a short time. Her own pen will best describe her labors.

"ATCHISON, *September* 29, 1862.

"I am again in all my glory filling woman's sphere, that is, house-keeping. I enjoy it extremely. The fruit here is very nice and in vast abundance. I intend to can several bushels of peaches and tomatoes for friends and hospital use. Yesterday I succeeded in obtaining two contrabands, sisters. They are nearly white. I think they will prove good help. As they cannot read, I am glad I brought that beautiful primer published by the Boston Tract Society for the freedmen. I shall use it now. I must teach them figures and to count money, for I

see that dishonest persons take advantage of their ignorance. We have a regiment in camp here, and a hospital with many sick. I visit them often, and try to furnish them some comforts. The hospital supplies have not arrived yet, and the sick are dependent on the generosity of our ladies. Poor fellows! It is not much like being sick at home. They seem very grateful for little favors and words of sympathy.

"I am making arrangements to leave my personal effects in such a manner, that if I never return they will be all right. It requires much labor, but when all is done I shall feel relieved. I feel sad at leaving dear Kansas again. I begin to realize how strong is my attachment for this dear people and the church of God here. But duty calls me away, and I go, not knowing what shall befall me. 'Tis sweet to place my feeble hand in the hand of omnipotent strength, and say, 'Father lead me where thou wilt.'"

She remained but a few weeks, but the labors she performed, the good accomplished, the pleasant remembrances she left behind her, were as precious seed from which fruitful harvests of rich blessings will long be gathered.

When she returned to Washington she found a congenial and pleasant home had been provided for her, which she knew how to appreciate. She writes as follows:

"273 VERMONT AVENUE,

"WASHINGTON, *January*, 1863.

"Finally, I am in what I must call home, though that is only a blessing of the past to me. I have long been a traveller, or temporary guest, but now I feel more at rest in these pleasant rooms, and so kindly cared for by our landlady, Mrs. B. You ask, 'What do I live for?' A truthful answer would not show any very high or noble aims I fear. I spend much time as usual in entertaining those who call. Sometimes I chat alone with some soldier or others whom I seek to lead to a higher and deeper view of life here and hereafter. But I am often discouraged. You who live in comparative seclusion know little of the worldliness, the insurmountable obstacles met with here. One tells me he 'admires nature, and he believes through nature he worships God.' Another thinks the influences of the camp are such that he must wait till the war is over before he can look to religious matters.

"When I visit the hospital patients, I feel powerless. My words, if uttered, fall back on my own spirit like broken ice. The present condition of our country seems to me exceeding dark. There is light only where God is. This war has shown that all our women are not butterflies or drones. Many who grace the most elegant drawing-rooms here, spend most of their time ministering to the wants of our poor soldiers, and in other missions of mercy."

"WASHINGTON, *February* 16, 1863.

"There are some great and some small men in the Senate. One says, 'the first six months he wondered how he came to be there, and ever since how several others ever got there.'

"Dr. Cheever preached twice in the Senate yesterday. Terribly scathing, scorching invective and withering, annihilating sarcasm, is his forte. Yet in ordinary conversation his eye is one of the mildest and his smile the sweetest. But when rebuking sin he is truly a prophet of fire, an avenging sword.

"I like my rooms more and more, and we have a pleasant company at our table. We all like Mrs. D.; she is more than an ordinary woman. For my own benefit I like to come in contact with those

who make me sensible of my own deficiencies. I love to be with Mrs. Senator McD., small as it makes me. She has mind and heart. I feel that I am a 'ninny' in literature, though considerably at home in politics and business."

"*April* 27, 1863.—We have passed another busy winter, and now find ourselves but slightly relieved of the labors and responsibilities of our positions here. One would think the closing of the session would terminate senatorial duties. Yet while the war lasts, there can be no cessation for those who remain. Indeed, I think the wrongs and rightful claims growing out of it, will keep up this increased amount of labor for years after the war is over. This is not simply a rebellion. It is a revolution that will overturn many of the very foundations of social, civil and political life. I believe it is the beginning of that great battle between Gog and Magog so long foretold; and the world will not again rest long in peace, until Satan is bound and the kingdoms of this world are given to our Lord Jesus Christ. Slavery and every relic of barbarism must fall.

"'The Divine right of kings' must yield to the

good of the people. 'The few' must be put down that 'the many' may be exalted. Mahommedanism and Papacy must fall. I have always supposed (it may be a false interpretation) that the final overthrow of Papacy, its death struggle, would be on this continent. Freedom and oppression have been struggling all through the Christian era. Now, one and then the other gained the ascendancy. And do not the signs of the times, as well as prophecy, point to continued struggles, until right and justice triumph? This country was settled by a God-fearing people, for the express purpose of making it a home for free men, free speech and free soil. They plowed and watered in faith and prayer. Is it then reasonable to suppose God will forget his heritage, even though for a time he leaves us to eat the fruit of our own doings? No. I can never believe all those early sacrifices and prayers will be forgotten. This government will triumph when we heed the command, 'Let my people go.' Until then we may expect defeat and delay. There is great hopefulness here just now, though the old anti-slavery men who recognise a God, look for no important victories till the poor colored man has guaranteed to him his rights as a man."

"WASHINGTON, *May* 8, 1863.

"I wish to assure brother B. that I do not think my judgment on mental and moral subjects has deteriorated much by my residence in Washington. Perhaps, in some respects, I am 'wiser in the opinions of the children of this world' than formerly. For instance, I seldom argue any question now. I have learned that nearly no one is won by it. Now when I meet those who advocate different opinions from my own, I usually avoid a direct argument. If it is a moral question, I show on which side I am, without reserve, but waste no time or strength in discussion. A gentleman whom I meet daily, who is a good scholar, and fond of disputation, said to me, 'I do not believe in paid preachers; only in those who are inspired at the moment. No one goes to sleep under such preaching.' I quietly referred him to one, who, when Paul preached a long time, not only fell asleep, but also out of the window, and Paul was inspired. He was puzzled for a reply."

CHAPTER XII.

LAST WORK.

"Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude."

On the 31st of January, 1863, an association of ladies was formed for the purpose of founding at the National Capitol an asylum for the freed orphans and destitute aged women whom the onward march of freedom has left to the care of the benevolent. Two weeks later, the charter granted them by Congress was approved by the President. In accordance with the provisions of the charter, on the 15th of March the association held a meeting for the election of officers to constitute the Executive Committee. Mrs. S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, was chosen President; Mrs. E. S. Grimes, of Iowa, Vice-Presi-

dent; Mrs. M. E. Webster, of Washington, Treasurer; Mrs. G. Breed, of Washington, Secretary.

These facts we have taken from the first annual report; but for a record of Mrs. Pomeroy's particular labors in this noble work, we rely on statements made by Mrs. Breed, her firm friend and faithful coworker from the first, and some extracts from her own pen.

When the subject of this Asylum was first presented to Mrs. Pomeroy by Mrs. Breed, it at once commended itself to her sympathies. She entered into the plan proposed with deep interest, promising her active efforts and co-operation. She advised calling a meeting of a few ladies whom she knew would work, and bringing the subject before them without delay. The meeting was called. Mrs. Pomeroy was called to the chair, and also advocated the cause, briefly, but very earnestly and effectively. All present united in the resolution to form at once an association, apply for an act of incorporation, and get the bill through before the close of the session. From the date of this meeting their individual labor commenced, and constantly increased. To scatter circulars, engage the influential to collect funds, create an interest in the cause in the minds

of the benevolent, was hard work. Mrs. Pomeroy was constantly applied to for advice, and was ever ready with aid and counsel. To obtain a suitable location for the Home, seemed most difficult. Secretary Stanton promised if they could find a house subject to confiscation, he would put them in possession of it. After weeks of search, Dr. Breed found for them the place they now occupy on Georgetown Heights, retired, healthful and beautiful. The grounds around were extensive, consisting of about eighty acres. The building was spacious and commodious. Mrs. Pomeroy visited the place with Dr. Breed about the 1st of May, and was so highly pleased with the situation, she determined to make an effort to obtain it. They immediately called on Secretary Stanton. She made a brief statement of what they wanted, reminded him of his promise, and obtained at once an order to take immediate possession of the house and grounds. This order was executed by the Provost-Marshal; and about the 1st of June they were formally put in possession of this valuable property. Mrs. Pomeroy was then informed that a large amount of hospital furniture was condemned, and would be sold at auction by the Government. Inspired by former success,

she determined to obtain it if possible, as by examination it appeared to be just what would meet their wants. She offered to go at once to the War Department and endeavor to obtain an order for all they needed. Accompanied by Mr. Lovejoy, whose warm heart was easily enlisted in such a work, she went to the Secretary and obtained the order for all she asked; then to the Surgeon-General; obtained his approval and requisite order from him. Thus were they placed in posession of furniture, worth at least, to them, one thousand dollars, but if sold at auction would have yielded but little to the Government. But when the time came for the keys of the "Home" to be delivered to Mrs. Pomeroy, she was too ill to receive them, and the Secretary took her place. Still she was consulted on important matters, and every member of the association yielded to her cool judgment, and endeavored to carry out her plans. She also wrote letters to distant friends to enlist their sympathies and assistance in the work to which she was devoting her last strength.

Some extracts from her letters will be given, to show how deeply she was interested in this "Home" for the poor children.

"*March*, 1863.—I have just attended the funeral of dear Mrs. Potter, of Wisconsin. Her death is deeply lamented. She was a woman of the New-England type, clear-headed, great-hearted, earnest, practical and efficient. I formed her acquaintance in connection with our Orphan Asylum movement, and considered it a valuable acquisition. She had one of those constitutions that give promise of vigorous old age, and now she has gone; fell a martyr to her benevolence; died of fever contracted at the hospital or contraband camp.

"I have called on Mrs. Lincoln and presented the cause in which I feel so deep an interest, and hope for her favor. There are but three colored Orphan Asylums in our country, one in New-York, one in Philadelphia and another in Providence; but in no place is there so great a necessity for one as here. Slavery, by its life and death, has made many orphans and infirm and aged persons a nation's charge. Hundreds in each of these classes needing relief are already congregated in our midst. We propose to found an asylum to shelter both these extremes of life. All other charitable institutions are closed against this portion of our fellow beings. We must chiefly rely on individual charity, and the blessing

of Him who preached the gospel to the poor, for the means necessary to carry out this important undertaking."

April 16.—She writes: "Our Home progresses slowly, but it will succeed. The Freedmen's Relief Society in New-York promises us one thousand dollars whenever we are ready for it. Our first quarterly meeting was on Tuesday last. We have some very efficient ladies in our association, equal to any I have ever met; and will you believe it? they have chosen little me! to preside. Well, if they do not discover that I am much inferior to them, it is not much matter."

"*May* 21*st*.—My husband has just left for New-York, and greatly desired me to accompany him. I wished much to go, but our secretary, who has more energy, knowledge and efficiency than most ladies, is laid aside by a fall, and I can do much for the Home if I remain. As soon as I can accomplish the work laid upon me, I will away to cooler shades and a quiet rest."

"WASHINGTON, *June* 12, 1863.

"A little more than two weeks since I was taken with bilious fever, and though now better, am very feeble. I had just returned from a two days' trip to Baltimore, where I had been to procure a matron for our Home, and rejoice to say I was successful. Had I a Pomeroy constitution I should have been about town before this, but I always gain slowly. I do want to be well now on account of the Home, but it is all right. I might have done mischief if I had not been laid aside. It is a great work now upon us, requiring much patience, forbearance and love. May God give us hearts to sympathize and do. I can leave all in his hands to right in his own way and time, and earnestly do present duty. My sick bed views have always proved correct; the brain is then more active and clear."

This was the last she wrote of the object so dear to her heart. Too long had she remained in a debilitating climate, and labored too hard. But her work was done.

The Executive Committee close their first annual report as follows:

"Whilst the blessing of our Heavenly Father has attended this effort for his little ones, our association has not been without severe chastening and loss. There were with us in the beginning two leading minds, especially distinguished by unselfish devotion to this holy cause. Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Pomeroy, two of the originators of this enterprise, have passed from works to rewards. Mrs. Potter left us early, but not until the good work in its starting had felt the impetus of her earnest spirit. The loss of our President, Mrs. Pomeroy, we have great reason to deplore. 'The Home' has been justly called her monument. Declining the rest and change she needed, she remained with us during the summer's heat to aid in our work; still laboring on even when life was waning, and her parting spirit sent us back a blessing with the prophetic words, 'the Home will succeed.' The cause for which such a life was freely given cannot want laborers. We remember her words: '*'Tis for a race—for millions we are working. Let us forget ourselves.*'"

CHAPTER XIII.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

"The good die not.
God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given; on earth in thought and deed as truly
They live, as in his heaven."

A MORE particular account of the last days of the loved one whose history we have thus far followed, is given in this closing chapter. She rallied a little from the first attack of fever, enough to inspire hope she would soon be well. But the effort to care for herself, and not trouble any one, to be quiet and alone, did not bring health and strength as she expected. Her head was greatly distressed at the slightest noise, and her nervous system feeble.

But June 13th she aroused herself to write almost mirthfully to a dear friend as follows:

"Since I have been lying here alone, I have realized most forcibly, that the man who should patent an invention to prevent squeaking soles, and get it generally introduced, would be a great public benefactor!" On the 14th: "I am a little stronger today, but the gain is almost imperceptible." On the 16th she took the pen and commenced: "This Monday morning is very beautiful," and laid aside pen forever.

The new attack of fever proved to be typhoid, with alarming symptoms. Telegrams were sent to her husband and brother in New-York, and they were with her without delay. The ladies in the house in which she boarded, and many, very many friends around, gave their kindest and constant attention. Every thing that could be thought of for her comfort, by friends, physicians and nurses, was made available, but the disease went on. During all previous attacks of sickness her mind had been unclouded, and her judgment reliable. Indeed, the clearness of her perceptions seemed often greater than in health. But now she was delirious, talked constantly and incoherently. At length she seemed to sleep, and hope revived, for on this was thought to hang the important crisis. She awoke to

consciousness, feeble as an infant, but then she began to revive and come back to her former self. When able to converse again, she assured her attendants she had not slept, but had witnessed all that had passed while they had watched. "It was," said she, "a prophetic state. I have looked into the future. I know of things that are to be hereafter."

Strange as it may seem to our dim earthly vision, she confidentially made known what had been revealed to her, and some of the events have already taken place, while others follow after. She felt, however, that she must die, and made every possible arrangement for such an event, with the calmness and deliberation usual to a short journey in health. She thought of distant friends, and tried to anticipate their wishes. The poor and needy were especially remembered. Her heart was full of gratitude for the kindness, affection and high tokens of respect given by numerous friends in Washington. With a sweet trust in her Heavenly Father, with no will of her own, she committed herself to his care and love.

Day after day passed, watching, waiting, hoping; the weather was very oppressive, and the shadow of a great sorrow growing more heavy and coming

nearer. At length she revived a little, and requested that she might be carried to her old home at the Water Cure, and tried to plan for her departure. Her brother thought he could convince her of the impracticability of the plan. She said to him, "You have come to tell me I cannot leave here till I am better. I am too weak to argue with you; *I must go.*" From that time preparations were made for her removal. A nice crib was prepared, every possible comfort and convenience for ease and quiet added, and a government steamer ready to convey her to New-York. She directed every thing, even to the packing of her wardrobe, presents for friends and the last adieus. Not until Friday, July 17th, was every thing in readiness to leave Washington. She was cheerful and thankful that the hour had at last come. Accompanied by her husband, brother W. and a most faithful and skillful nurse, she was conveyed to the steamer with more ease than she expected, and the trip down the Potomac was enjoyed by all. On entering the ocean the boat rolled considerably, and she was seasick for a time.

Sabbath morning, the 19th, was clear, mild and delightful. She was carried on deck to breathe the

sea-air and was greatly refreshed. She was free from pain, glad they came by water, and was delighted to look out upon the ocean after being so long in a sick-room. Hope revived in the hearts of all. She remained on deck all day, and seemed to gather strength with the passing hours. On arriving in New-York harbor it was thought best for her to remain on the boat till morning, when the Hudson River boat would be ready to leave. That was a long, hard night. The fever returned, she talked incessantly, seemed excited about the riot then raging in New-York, and expressed the greatest joy at the prospect of soon being at her old home, with the beloved physician. In the morning, July 20th, she was conveyed to the Albany boat with the greatest possible care, but seemed much exhausted, and called for food and drink. The luxurious comfort around her, the beautiful scenery of the river, the joy of heart at drawing nearer the place of rest, the reviving air, all combined to give her strength. She grew sleepy and complained of cold. They gave stimulants, but without effect. Her husband said, "I fear you will not live to reach Albany." She whispered, "Oh, no! it is only one of my sinking turns." A little past three o'clock, P. M., he felt sure death was

approaching, and said, "you are going to leave us." She nodded assent, moved her lips, but there was no voice—looked at her purple fingers, and seemed to rejoice that she was so near home. She laid her own hands across her breast, gave one long, earnest look to the face dearest to her on earth, closed her eyes and ceased to breathe.

"Gently as sets the morning star,
That goes not down behind the darkened west,
But fades away into the light of heaven
While one is gazing at it!"

When the boat reached Albany her physician was there with an elegant nicely arranged car to receive his patient. But the angels had carried her on wings of love, where "there is no sickness or sorrow, neither shall there be any more pain, and God shall wipe away all tears."

At eleven o'clock at night, dark and rainy, in a car alone with the dead, they started for Syracuse. The cloud of sorrow had burst now, and it was meet that nature's tears should fall. Friends and relatives met the mourning train, and as soon as all was ready, a long, sad procession, with slow and measured tread, wound its way through the vallies and over

the hills to the old church in Otisco, where the departed one was baptised in infancy, and in mature years consecrated her life to the service of her dear Redeemer. A great congregation was assembled, friends of her early years, to mingle their sympathies and tears together; voices familiar to her in former days trembled as they sung—

"So fades the lovely flower away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

In the presence of a golden, glorious sunset they laid the loved, cold form of the weary child to rest by the side of her precious mother. Her youthful wish was gratified: "*I would choose a short life of active usefulness to a long one, and no great good accomplished.*"

Seventeen years before she had gone out a bride; years of happiness and then of discipline followed; but it was in Kansas that she showed an ability to cope with stirring events, rarely equaled, never excelled. Called to the capital of our nation in a trying period of our history, she at once took a high

stand, radical, bold, fearless, and by her patriotic self-sacrificing devotion commanded and received the confidence and admiration of the best men and women in our land.

CONCLUSION.

"O, how far,
How far and safe God keeps his saints,
When once gone from us."

"THERE are some I have known and loved on earth, who are now departed from it, that I find it difficult to think of, even in heaven, under any other aspect than that of ministering, welcoming, making every one around them comfortable; though I know not what form their tender, ever-active solicitude may take where there are none weary, or sick, or sorrowful, where there are no strangers to be entertained, no way-farers to be cheered and comforted."

It only remains to be added, that in just seven months from the daughter's burial the remains of her aged father were laid by her side to rest. There they sleep, father, mother, daughter, silently, hopefully in the bosom of their own loved hills.

"They rest from their labors, and their works follow them."

AUG 15 1935

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